

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You The Truth

*Which is most important ?
THE SAFETY OF LONDON or the IMAGINARY
dignity of the Prime Minister ?*

YE CITIZENS OF LONDON

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

LONDONERS,

YOU are Citizens of no mean City and yet—the London we love and are so proud of—is the only Capital without any Defence against an invasion from the Air!

DO you realise what this means?

IT means that your homes and your children could be destroyed in a few hours.

ARE you content—IN ORDER TO PLEASE THE PRIME MINISTER—to remain in this deadly peril?

THE finest machines and bravest airmen are eagerly waiting to be employed to protect you.

DO you want this protection?

I AM told it will cost two hundred thousand pounds, and I will gladly give this sum to save London and its inhabitants from this terrible danger—as a Christmas Present to my Country.

THE Government will do nothing unless YOU tell them THEY MUST accept my offer.

Your true Friend,

LUCY HOUSTON.

N.B.—We now hear that the Prime Minister is considering this offer—but the more he considers it—the less he likes it—For THE SAFETY OF LONDON is the last thing he wants.

Notes of the Week

The Truth That No-one Dare Speak

Next week an article will appear by Lady Houston, D.B.E., in which she points out that the time has come for all pretence to be dropped, and for people to say plainly that they do not intend any longer to be fooled by the hypocrisy that reigns to-day.

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Youth and Politics

Is the present House of Commons, now in its third year, entitled to be called a young Parliament? The truth is that, owing to the extraordinary Election of 1931, there is a much larger rate of proportion of young members than there was before. These young members, eager and anxious to work, are handicapped by their ignorance of Parliamentary procedure, which in course of time they will learn. This has been shown by the lamentable helplessness of the House of Commons in dealing with the present Unemployment Bill. Whether 3s. or 2s. is a proper provision for a child is an important question, no doubt, but it is not the point of the present discussion. The amount involved is not large. But the important point is whether the new Public Assistance Committee is or is not to be dependent upon Parliament. If it is to be dependent upon Parliament, then the Minister must submit to daily questions being asked about his administration.

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A Question of Procedure

The Government is very anxious that the work of the Public Assistance Committee should be removed from all party politics, and therefore that interpellations should not be allowed. If the Government has its way, and the Minister is not to be questioned in the House of Commons, then, in the event of any act being disapproved by the House, they have either to refuse the money necessary to carry it out, or to censure the Government: in other words, to make it a question of public confidence, involving the fate of the Ministry. Now, none of the new members of Parliament are sufficiently familiar with the rules of Parliamentary procedure to bring this point out, and in consequence a great deal of Parliament's time has been wasted on the fruitless discussion of the wrong clause. How it will be settled it is impossible to know. I have reason to believe that the Government will concede the three shillings instead of the two shillings originally proposed.

Tardy Homage to a Hero

Mr. Warner Allen in this *Review* last week says that the King of the Belgians has described himself as a lucky man. I take quite the opposite view. In one of those inscrutable decrees of Providence, which we call luck, one hero or great man gets a full appreciation, full measure pressed down, during his life. Another hero gets nothing during his life, and will only be properly appreciated after his death. The late King of the Belgians is one of these. I always looked upon him as the real hero of the war. Had it not been for his courage and splendid example, the Belgians, who are not remarkable for military valour, would have allowed the Germans to pass through unopposed. In this case the Germans would have been in Paris in a fortnight, and in possession of the Channel ports. This might not have made any difference to the result of the war in the long run, but certainly it would have created a panic in England.

I was often surprised by the fact that he got no great reception by the British people. Though he often came over to London during the war, he was never a guest at Buckingham Palace, but was allowed to go to an hotel. He was one of those in whose case the nations were content, as they so often are "to buried merit raise the tardy bust." His countrymen cannot, however, complain that there has been any lack of recognition of their King after his death, which has occurred when all the other affairs of Europe are in a state of suspense. Certainly the funeral on Thursday last was a remarkable illustration to all countries of respect and affection, except in the case of the silly Kaiser at Doorn, who has chosen to sulk as he was not informed of the death as a reigning house.

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Doom of Landed Interests

Now that unjust taxation has nearly ruined the landed classes, we are awakening to the fact that the law of entail is rotten. In fact, it is a matter of surprise that our big landed estates have lasted so long under this ruinous and absurd custom. In every successive generation the land is burdened with portions for younger children, and it is quite evident that no land can stand these successive burdens being laid upon it. At the same time, this custom of quartering large families on estates which grow no bigger has been rendered necessary by our system of titles and big estates.

The head of the family has *the* title, which must be supported appropriately, and the only means of doing this has been by giving jointures and allowances out of the land. That is why so many of the big estates have come into the market. The whole system is bound to crumble as soon as anything like radical taxation is applied to it, and we have seen that since Mr. Lloyd George's finance in 1910, the landed interest was doomed.

The Milk Muddle

Milk is the question of the hour, and the blot on the Government's policy is this: the consumption of milk is not equal to its production, as is the case of almost every other commodity. If the production of milk was restricted there would be an outcry in the country about mothers and children. But the farmers are complaining bitterly that they are not being treated fairly in comparison with the foreign producer. Our own farmers are subjected to the most severe regulations as regards the conditions in which milk is produced. No such conditions are imposed on their foreign competitors, with the consequence, as is well known, that powdered milk and condensed milk are very often produced under conditions which are the reverse of sanitary.

If foreign milk is to be imported in such large quantities, the duty of the Government is to ensure that it is produced under clean and healthy surroundings. Of course, an import duty ought to be imposed on foreign milk, in order to give our own farmers a chance, but if we are reluctant to impose a duty on milk produced in Switzerland or Scandinavia, we ought at least to impose on the English importer the duty of seeing that foreign produced milk is produced under cleanly and healthy conditions, otherwise the British farmer is entitled to complain that he is being subjected to conditions from which the foreigner is free.

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Russia's Slave Trade

As a rule, all slave-grown products should be regarded with suspicion. For instance, it is deplorable to read the uncontradicted report of the conditions under which the Russian serfs live in the timber forests of the north. It appears to be impossible to arouse public sentiment on this question. For generations we ate sugar complacently which was produced on slave-worked plantations, as was perfectly familiar to every Englishman. Indeed, upon the subject of trade with Russia, Mr. MacDonald, in common with the majority of his countrymen, seems to have an infatuation. I have seen in the computation made, I do not know with what authority, that Russian trade is worth to England fivepence a head, and for this miserable fivepence British men and women are content to import doors, coffins and window frames of Russian timber, when we could really import all the timber we want from Canada. This is a disgrace to England.

Then take the case of butter. Tons of butter are imported from Russia, which we cheerfully consume, without a thought of the poor devils who are not allowed to eat their own produce. One day we shall wake up to the fact that the Soviets regard butter as one of the best methods of propagating Bolshevism in the world, and then perhaps we shall regret our greed.

Reshuffling Along?

What is the truth behind the news in the daily papers last week-end of impending changes in the Cabinet? It is common knowledge, of course, that a drive, engineered by the Prime Minister, was being made for some time past at Sir John Simon—a drive which the Foreign Secretary had so far successfully resisted. Now the story goes that Sir John is to be shifted to the Home Office, where his "legal knowledge would be a magnificent asset," but that he does not quite see the need for any shift at all, and proposes to stand pat.

Other changes in the Government are more than hinted at—from the Lord Chancellor down to junior Ministers. A pretty big reshuffle, in fact!

Two things emerge. The first, and it at least is gratifying, is that the campaign against our wobbling Government has stirred it up quite a bit, and the second, which is not at all gratifying, is that, whatever the changes may be, they will be arranged in such a way as not to shake the position of Ramsay himself—you can trust him for that! He is *not altogether* woolly-headed.

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Sham Toryism

We have not heard the last yet of the shaking up the Government got when Sir Henry Page-Croft propounded his motion to demand a Parliamentary Commission to inquire into the working of the Constitution given to Ceylon by an Order in Council and behind the backs of the British nation. Ninety-two Conservatives voted for a motion which was an indirect attack upon the India White Paper Policy, and Miss Megan Lloyd George, who has visited Ceylon. On the other side, the Government defeated the motion entirely by the aid of Socialists and Liberals, who are always in favour of a policy of what Sir Henry called "fairly complete abdication," but among the handful of Conservatives who supported the Whips we note without surprise such names as Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Ormsby-Gore and Earl Winterton.

They would be there, but it is by no means certain whether after the next General Election they will all survive the coming war against sham Toryism. Horsham especially is getting restless.

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Quixotic Sir Henry

What we want to see, quite frankly, is a Conservative case against the present leadership and policy, and we believe the best men are leaning towards it. What is wanted only is a bold and resolute leader. Will not Sir Henry Page-Croft suffice for the purpose? Again and again in his now long Parliamentary career, the honourable and gallant member for Bournemouth

has had the opportunity to oppose successfully the feeble brand of Conservatism of his leaders, and always has allowed his personal loyalty to over-ride his instincts.

Why he should consider leaders who do not consider him or the rank and file of Conservatives is incomprehensible and certainly quixotic. But it is getting urgent to clean up the Conservative Party, purge it of its pacifist and other alien elements, and raise the British people by a great appeal to patriotism and strong national defence.

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Playing to the Gallery

It is amusing to watch how the old style of Ministers seize with avidity upon any chance they think they see to play up the Democracy touch. First the Home Secretary began to prate in a disparaging way about the Blackshirts, Blueshirts, Greenshirts, Redshirts and the like, and half hinted that legislation might be introduced. Others took up the bait and threw it in the stream for little Democratic fishes to swallow. Lord Hailsham talked the other day of reorganisation in politics as necessary, but he did not indicate what form of reorganisation. Then Major Tryon, Minister of Pensions, told Rochester people that he does not want Redshirts, Blackshirts, or any other uniform interfering with Parliamentary Government.

None of these politicians address themselves to the real trouble, which is that the politicians do not play the game. They come in as a "National" Government and proceed to leave the State utterly bare in national defence and set to work to see how they can throw away our rights in India. They are themselves destroying faith in Parliamentary Government, which many think to-day is on its trial.

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Shadow of the Next Election

It is definitely stated by the *Daily Mail* that both Sir Samuel Hoare, in Chelsea, and Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, in Hendon, are to be opposed at the next General Election by Independent Conservatives. Both these sitting members have at present enormous majorities and both might be termed safe Conservative seats. At the same time Chelsea has changed considerably in the last twelve years, and Sir Samuel Hoare is not particularly well known or very popular.

Sir Oswald Mosley's Blackshirt headquarters are in the constituency, but it would need a very bold and attractive opponent to capture the seat. Hendon is rather different. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister is not popular among a large proportion of his own supporters, and Socialism has grown considerably in parts of this big constituency. The right sort of Independent—say a leading Service man—might easily win the seat. However, it seems likely he will seek seclusion in the House of Lords, which will be a relief.

A Soft Pedal on Patriotism

It is about time that a big row was made in regard to the B.B.C. and all its works. Mr. Dixey, M.P., has a Motion standing which demands an inquiry into the expenditure, monopoly, and other aspects of this mysterious Corporation. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will not grant facilities for discussion, which suggests that there are reasons why many wish to keep this matter secret. Why is it, for example, that listeners-in are scarcely, if ever, afforded a chance of hearing anything that shows a pro-British outlook? Men like Bernard Shaw or H. G. Wells, who are anti-British whenever they get a chance, Sir Herbert Samuel, Lord Snowden, and all of that kidney are often put over.

Why did Sir John Reith stop the Empire broadcast a year ago? He told Lady Houston, who protested, that this Empire broadcast had only been postponed to a more convenient date. It seems to be an euphemism for never. And why is Sir John Reith put in the position of an absolute dictator?

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Popular Ambassadors

Lord Tyrrell did a great deal of good work when he was Ambassador at Paris, where he was *persona gratissima*, not only to the French, but to the British residents as well. His successor, Sir George Russell Clerk, is also sure to be popular. For one thing, he speaks French fluently, if with a touch of accent, and for another, he is something of a "realist." He is a bit of a dandy, too, as well as a judge of wine. In the course of a distinguished career, he served some years in the Legation at Prague, and became very friendly with Dr. Benesh. One of the sights of that time was a tennis match between the two men, Sir George, tall, debonair, active but calm, and Dr. Benesh, small, a little grim, all over the place with extraordinary speed, and resolved to win. As Ambassador to Turkey, Sir George was successful in bringing about better relations with the "Ghazi."

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A Wonderful Old Man

Heartly congratulations to President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, who will celebrate his eighty-fourth birthday next week. Dr. Masaryk has been the Chief of the State since its inception in 1918, and he is certain to be given another term when the election comes round in May. He is a remarkably vigorous old man, and works just about as hard as ever he did. The other day a well-known composer announced his retirement at the age of seventy, which was close at hand; the President, meeting him shortly afterwards, shook a reproving finger at him and said, "What ideas you young people get into your heads! Retiring at your age!"

Mr. Baldwin's Treachery Against the Dead

By A.A.B.

THE late Mr. Urban Broughton, M.P., was one of the few Englishmen, who, having made a fortune in America, had the wit to bring it home and spend it here. He was by profession a mining engineer, and, having passed the earlier years of his life here, he went to America and married the daughter of H. Rogers, a partner of Rockefeller, who inherited great wealth. He added to this by his own efforts, in conjunction with Sir Charles Henry, an agent for the Standard Oil Company, and returned to London about the beginning of the century.

True Conservatism

He was elected for the City of York, together with J. G. Butcher, now Lord Danesfort. He was a most enthusiastic Conservative, and being desirous of instructing the rising youth in the principles of true Conservatism, he founded the Bonar Law College, which was started with a regular syllabus and an imposing group of Conservative M.P.'s as lecturers.

Mr. Broughton imagined that he could trust the Conservative Leader to see that his praiseworthy intentions were faithfully carried out—but he did not know Stanley Baldwin.

His splendid idea, properly executed, might have made the Bonar Law College the greatest Conservative Institution in the country, but even in the short time that has elapsed since it was conceived and endowed by Mr. Broughton, Conservatism in the House of Commons has become a misnomer and a sinister name used to cover up the treachery of its Leader. For Conservatism is now a cloak concealing and screening from view MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S SOCIALISM and, to their eternal shame, men who are only where they are because true Conservatives in the country were tricked and bilked into voting for them, have prostituted themselves and their Constituencies by consenting to this betrayal.

In 1929 Mr. Baldwin opened the Bonar Law College, stating that it would supply the place of Conservative principles abandoned after the defeat of 1929. The College is a kind of cheap and pleasant hotel where young men can pass the week-end and listen to addresses on Conservatism.

This was Mr. Broughton's wish, and to carry it out he left a large sum of money—how much I do not know, because the terms of the Deed have never been published—for the purchase of the Ashridge Estate from Lord Brownlow, to whose ancestors the estate fell as part of the property of the last Duke of Bridgewater, distributed among his very large family, through Lord Chancellor Ellesmere.

We can imagine that plenty of Conservative young men would be only too glad to avail themselves of a few days in the charming glades of Ashridge Park, which contains some of the most beautiful beeches and elms in the country. But Conservative Leaders NOW INFAMOUSLY DECLARE THAT THE CURRICULUM MUST BE KEPT CLEAR OF MATTER WHICH IS PURELY PROPAGANDA, MEANING CONSERVATISM, although plenty of base unpatriotic views are permitted and encouraged.

A Memory Outraged

Accordingly the Bonar Law College is a sort of open house for what are called in the words of the "Patriot" of February 15th, "A group of hand-picked internationalists," and will, no doubt, resound with the eloquence of Professors Ramsay Muir and Laski. This is not only dishonest on the part of the Conservative Leaders, but also an outrage on the memory of Mr. Urban Broughton—entirely ignoring the purpose of Mr. Broughton to instruct Conservative youths in the principles of true Conservatism. A Bonar Law College from which Conservative politics—such as

Protection, Imperial Economic Unity, THE MAINTENANCE OF A STRONG NAVY, and British Rule in India, are all excluded—is a contradiction in terms and a treacherous absurdity against which all the friends of the late Mr. Broughton are entitled to and ought to protest.

This is how his wishes are carried out. MR. ANTHONY EDEN, for instance, has attacked the resolution passed at the National Unionist Association in October, calling for a prompt increase of British Air strength as “inopportune AND TENDING TO WEAKEN THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE.” Other Conservative M.P.’s speaking at Ashridge are SIR RALPH GLYN, Parliamentary Secretary to RAMSAY MACDONALD who urges “*cordial relations with the young Russian nation.*” MR. DUFF COOPER, who, no doubt, was instructed by the Prime Minister to shut up the Royal Army Clothing Factory, and actually sold stocks of British war medal ribbon to be made into

braces and sock suspenders! SIR EDWARD GRIGG, whose unwise encouragement of Indian agitators when Governor of Kenya led to demand for his recall. SIR ORMSBY GORE, the apostle of Zionism; and MR. VYVYAN ADAMS, who advocates unilateral disarmament for the British Navy.

Here is a wilful perversion of the pious founder’s wishes, of which no one could have been guilty except the leaders of this “NATIONAL” Government. Mr. Broughton’s widow has been created Lady Fairhaven, and his son is the first Lord Fairhaven, a usual form of rewarding party services. They, at least, ought to protest against the violation of the Founder’s intentions.

Some effort should surely be made to remind the present generation of what Mr. Broughton wished to do for his country and how this dead man’s wishes have been betrayed, and how true Conservatives are tricked and cheated by “National” Conservatives.

SIR SAMUEL SKATES

[Lines inspired by an ironical article in a daily newspaper.]

While the Cabinet was busy (*sic*) deciding India’s fate
Sir Sam-u-el decided that his *métier* was to skate.
So, on a certain afternoon, he issued invitations
To his *confrères*, and their spouses, to witness his gyrations.
Eventually went two of them, Gilmour and Londonderry,
Who thought it would be fun to see their Samuel making merry
On ice as artificial and as thick as they could make it,
Lest his “frisks” of *Maritana* and his wobbly spins should break it.
The venue, duly chosen, was the Ice Club at Park Lane,
And the band struck up with gusto to “Flapping Sammy’s here again.”
Whereupon he entered, tripping to a “Prelude” by Goddere,
And then spun, like an *Arachnid*, to that tune, “The Maiden’s Prayer.”
This “dizzy business” over, Sir Samuel glided spryly
To a waltz—“The Merry Widow”—we thought ’twas skated shyly.
“With what stateliness he floated!” on that lonely, icy sea,
While bright eyes watched him “shining,” though their owners longed for tea.

“How their fair hands clapped together”—(They could scarcely clap apart!!)—
As each spin was safely ended by our Patinating Bart.,
Oh! wire this news to India—let their Congress loudly sing—
“Bring out that white-waste-Paper! Let us burn the blighted thing,
“Let us henceforth wave a banner, with this curious device:
“Sir Samuel Hoare, garbed proper, a-skating on thin ice”!
Thus we’ll mark him for performance, and eke for “lilting style”?
We will hand him the *banana* for his captivating smile.
(He can hardly take exception to this rare, refreshing fruit,
For as we’ve filled our pockets there is little left to boot!)
We will crown him with a chaplet of jessamine and rose,
For his “Mercurial flitting” in his ancestor’s trunk-hose.
Sing Hev for “Mother India”! Sing Ho for Brother Hoare!
“God save our King!”—Sing anything—but may he skate no more.”

“RAVIOLI”

Funk as the National Policy

By "KIM"

THERE is no escaping the fact that this nation has been declining in world importance or, let us say, world power, ever since the Boer War with one exception, that is during the Great War. When the people of this country in August 1914 threw their weight into the scales and forced the hands of a pusillanimous Liberal Cabinet, against the will of the majority of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet, as we know now, Great Britain rose to the heights of her greatness. The heroism of her soldiers, her sailors, and the population generally placed her upon the pinnacle of greatness.

After the War, whatever Mr. Lloyd George's admirers may say, a series of feeble negotiations, of financial sacrifices for the benefit of other nations and the detriment of our own, a policy of making generous gestures to our Allies and our former enemies at the expense of our own hard hit taxpayers, gradually weakened the State. It seems to be one of the feeblenesses of a democratically governed nation that her political leaders are incapable of realising the truth of the dictum that Charity begins at Home. They appear to take a pride in turning the other cheek to the smiter, and to attempt to pacify the enemy within and without their gates.

Militant Britons

I do not believe this surrenderism to represent the views of the large bulk of the population. The British people are militant by nature, and this assuredly is as it should be, otherwise our comparatively small island could not have produced the long list of hero adventurers who through the centuries, sometimes as warriors, sometimes as privateersmen, as explorers, as colonisers, and all the rest of it, penetrated to the uttermost ends of the earth and established the prestige of the Englishman. They do so to this day, though commonly abandoned or neglected by their Governments.

Instinctively we are warlike too. Who does not feel a thrill when we read of the deeds of Englishmen like Edward I, Edward III, Henry V, Sir Francis Drake and the Elizabethan braves, Cromwell, Marlborough, Clive, Nelson, Wellington and other of our national heroes who made the nation famous and respected?

To-day it is the fashion to deride any attitude of militancy. Some of our young men at Oxford University boast that if a war came they would refuse to fight, and others talk in an equally silly vein. It is one of the signs of our national decadence caused by a long period of immunity from attack, and the policy of Liberal cant whereby whilst we had to maintain the fighting services on as modest a scale as was compatible with safety, we shuddered to use our strength and reveal our fighting qualities, although our national anthems are definitely aggressive in words.

However, what I want to point out is that since the beginning of the century the nation has had a misfortune to be governed by a succession of Prime Ministers one after the other, who have not in one single instance, I believe, led the British people in the direction for which they have yearned. All this period, as the indications show, the average man and woman wanted a strong Britain to give them security, and in this they have been frustrated again and again. Who can blame them if they become disillusioned and cynical, and vote "agin the Government?"

After 27 Years

The Boer War had a disheartening effect on the electors of that time. The Government's mistakes, and the inefficiency of the High Command, caused a revulsion of feeling against the lack of alertness among Conservatives. Joseph Chamberlain, the only great British statesman of this century, visited South Africa and came back imbued with the necessity of tariffs. The public thought it a stunt to save the Tories and he was violently attacked. It has taken over 27 years to place tariffs in partial operation, so partial as to have a double meaning.

Lord Balfour (then Mr. A. J. Balfour) was a limp and languid Conservative Leader, who inspired little confidence and could never make up his mind to Free Trade or Tariffs. The result was in 1907 we had a Tory débâcle, and Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman became Prime Minister. He was a respectable mediocrity and at that time Mr. Lloyd George began to be recognised as a coming politician with violent and upsetting ideas against dukes and the rich. He started the art of mass bribery like his Athenian predecessor Demades in Athens some 2,300 years before in very similar circumstances. Demades prepared the way to the downfall of Athens, which great state had hitched its wagon to the star of democracy. The democratic state must inevitably lead to collapse and annihilation.

Liberals Lose Grip

After Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman we had Mr. Asquith, whose lack of grip and initiative seems to be the curse of the severely legal mind. He would have made a passable judge but was an execrable Prime Minister. Under his administration the services were squeezed down to permit of bribes to the electorate, but despite this the Liberals were gradually losing grip on the country as a snatch General Strike proved.

The pre-war period was marked by three aspects, one, a growing demand for tariffs, the growth of Socialism as a revolt against the hypocrisy of Liberals, and a steady weakening of the Empire ties. The period was further marked by growing fear of Germany, which culminated in the offer

of a "Naval Holiday," turned down scornfully by the Kaiser, the principle being the same as the efforts now being made towards international disarmament and destined to the same results.

The results of the Liberal regime in 1914 were an undersized and ill-equipped Army which was almost wiped out at Ypres and in the first few months of the war.

After the War Mr. Lloyd George was Prime Minister, and was taught to hold a golf club by M. Briand. Apart from that he grovelled to Woodrow Wilson, the American President, a provincial-minded, stupid, and grossly inefficient individual who ought to have been dominated by Clemenceau and Lloyd George, but they unfortunately, forgetting they represented the conquering powers, assumed an inferiority complex and allowed Mr. Wilson to decide issues which have left Europe's nerves in a state of goose-flesh ever since.

The Debt Scandal

Never did the British people feel more ignominiously left than when by a succession of Ordinances and Orders in Council, Treaties, and all the rest of it, they found themselves committed to complications in Europe, asked to pay their debts to America, and in turn owed millions by Europe which no-one was in the least disposed to pay.

Naturally the pride and pockets of the public revolted against this sort of thing until at last, after the Government had received a tremendous kick on the pants at Newport By-Election in 1923, the Tories, at a meeting at the Carlton Club, decided to throw over Mr. Lloyd George and his passion for helping our late Allies and enemies at our own expense. Strange as it may seem the man, although quite unknown outside a small circle, who proposed to leave Mr. Lloyd George to stew in his own juice, was our dear old pipe-smoking friend, Mr. Stanley Baldwin.

Mr. Bonar Law became Prime Minister. His mind was cast right, but unfortunately he suffered from a few defects. To begin with he was a Scots-Canadian, and as such he could not really assimilate the British mind; secondly, he suffered from a hopelessly reticent nature, or as his Apostle, Lord Beaverbrook, says, an inferiority complex; and thirdly he was already a sick man, destined to live for only a short period.

Bonar Law sent Mr. Baldwin to settle the War Debt with America. The result of that deplorable adventure we know, and we are still in considerable doubt as to what settlement America will propose when Mr. Neville Chamberlain produces his Budget surplus.

Mr. Baldwin followed Mr. Bonar Law and began to show leanings towards extremist Democratic tendencies which he has implemented ever since. He alternated with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, until in 1931, when that extraordinary politician, who had shown the most violent anti-British tendencies before and during the War, having brought his Socialist Government to ruin and with it the Country, he and Mr. Baldwin decided to get up a Fifty-Fifty partnership.

Their work since 1931 is more or less common

knowledge. They set up a "National" Government of which originally besides themselves Sir John Simon, Sir Herbert Samuel, and Mr. Philip (now Lord) Snowden were the leading stars. They compromised on tariffs until they became little more than a mere farce, they backed the League of Nations for all they were worth, although with any *nous* they would have known it was doomed to failure, they have gone from Capital to Capital cap in hand begging the nations to disarm, to which the response is a lemon, for every other nation from America to Japan is arming feverishly as the only guarantee of security, and at any moment in Europe the fat may be in the fire.

In the meantime our own defensive measures are in such a state of utter chaos that if we are unfortunate enough to incur the hostility of any Great Power we must at once climb down and surrender. Our Empire in such conditions obviously tends to disintegrate.

Canada, Australia, and South Africa to-day regard the Motherland with concern not untinged with contempt. Ireland, except Ulster, has been allowed to walk practically out of the Empire and to remain an open sore, so that in the event of War she can stab us in the back. This was the work of our Democratic Defeatists who will never take up any cause with resolution.

Ghastly Failure

We have almost walked out of Egypt, we have quite done so in Iraq and permitted the Assyrian Christians to be massacred; Malta and even Fiji are proving seditious, and Sir Henry Page Croft showed the House of Commons last week that our feeble surrender to the little Oriental agitator is bringing that one prosperous island of Ceylon to rack and ruin. Finally, to complete this picture of ghastly failure the present Government is intending, by stealth, to give India a form of Home Rule which, as in Ireland and in Ceylon, will result in loss of control and the loss of millions of British Capital invested in the natural expectation that no British Government would deliberately surrender its control.

Such is the position to-day after a succession of grossly inefficient, and I shall say unpatriotic Ministers, who have weakened the Empire from every aspect and utterly neglected the defences of the Motherland.

Before the Summer is over, unless there is a severe re-construction and on strong pro-British lines, the Government will go. If Mr. Baldwin continues his fatal support of the India White Paper the Conservative party will be split in two more savagely than the Liberal split.

That will let in the Socialists, but not for long. They are so inherently destructive and ignorant that their efforts to trade on class warfare will bring them to collapse in this country. This splendid nation, so betrayed by its damnable politicians, deserves to be ruled by men with a strong pro-British bias, who are not afraid to rule whether it be in India, or Ceylon, or, if it come to that in the City of London. We shall triumphantly come through the fire in the end. Oh, what a mess!

THE JOY RIDERS

by

LADY HOUSTON (Truthsayer)

We reprint the following article which appeared in the Saturday Review of June 17, 1933. At that time, almost the entire Press was hailing the World Economic Conference as the first step towards perpetual peace. Events to-day prove that Lady Houston was under no delusion in her forecast of the ultimate results of that Conference and the wicked waste of the taxpayers' money it involved.

SIXTY-SEVEN of them all on a Joy Ride to Merrie England—and I hope they'll have a real good time.

OF course I am quite certain that they have caught this little trick from our Champion Joy Rider—the Prime Minister.

WELL, well, for them it is all right. I don't for an instant suppose they will make a habit of it—as Mr. MacDonald has. No other nation would be such fools as to stand it. And all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. But all play and no work makes—

An English Prime Minister !

SUPPOSING the whole sixty-seven promise and vow to follow some policy? What is that policy? Does any one of them know? And how are you going to force sixty-seven countries to agree to keep these promises? It just cannot be done. It isn't at all an original idea. It has been tried many a time and oft. Germany promised never to invade Belgium. One could mention numberless instances of how promises made by the diplomats of different countries have been only "a scrap of paper" which when it suited them they have torn to pieces.

BUT a little bird has whispered to me the real reason for this World Conference. It is a camouflage—a smoke screen—to hide the complete failure of the Prime Minister's nefarious Disarmament Conferences, which he has made as an excuse to go continually peacocking round Europe and America, much to the amusement of the countries he has visited, who, while sniggering at his antics, whisper to each other: "How much longer will England put up with this charlatan?"

IT all sounds so very grand: A World Conference! Such a feather in the Prime Minister's cap! But the Prime Minister's feathers are usually white, like the White Paper.

Terrorism and Surrender

India's Future

By HAMISH BLAIR

(*The Man on the Spot*)

IT is a pleasant change to note any approach to firmness on the part of an Indian Government; and the Government of Bengal appear to be waking up at long last to the obvious fact that terrorism cannot be dealt with by ordinary process of law. Whether the new and (for them) drastic measures which they are adopting, or are about to adopt will prove effective in disposing of the Terrorist menace remains to be seen.

In announcing the introduction of a new Crimes Bill they make the significant admission that "the Terrorist conspiracy has unfortunately long gone past the stage when it can be regarded as an ephemeral movement." This also has long been evident to every competent observer; and inevitably the question arises "Why has the Terrorist conspiracy been suffered to attain to such chronic dimensions?"

A Climax of Surrender

To this question there can be only one answer—the feebleness and cowardice of the Irwin viceroyalty, bringing to a climax the blunders and surrenders of the last twenty disastrous years.

Last week, however, the Bengal Government made a sudden and spectacular raid upon the middle class youth of Chittagong, which disputes the claim of Midnapore to be the most murder-ridden district in the province. No one under 25 was allowed to leave his home for a week, and practically all road, rail and shipping traffic was suspended for 48 hours. From an official statement explaining this order it appears that the authorities had reason to apprehend that another murderous outrage was imminent; and by the simple expedient of confining all the young men in the district to their homes they frustrated the conspirators, at all events for the time being.

A few days later it was given out that a new Bill would be introduced forthwith into the Bengal Legislative Council providing the death penalty for the carrying and manufacture of arms, cutting away some of the legal junk which now operates to drag out sedition trials interminably, precluding the Press from encouraging, or even mentioning revolutionary activities in any part of the world, and empowering district magistrates to "restrain the movements" of persons under the age of 21.

No less important is the proviso conferring permanence upon two previous Crimes Acts, which have hitherto been only temporary in their operation. With regard to this last, the Bengal Government ingenuously remarks that "there is not the smallest doubt that temporary legislation keeps alive the hope in the minds of those concerned in the revolutionary conspiracy that the Government will before long be deprived of their power." Another elementary proposition, which

apparently has only just penetrated to the official mind!

The stiffening of the law relating to Terrorism is all to the good, of course, so far as it goes. Had these measures been enforced three or four years ago there might have been no Terrorist problem to-day. As it is, Terrorism, and the sedition of which it is the spear head have got such a hold on the *intelligentsia* as to raise the gravest doubts of their efficacy. We must wait and see.

Much will depend upon the reception accorded to the Bill in the Bengal legislature. Not that there is any question as to its passing into law. The Government has clearly made up its mind on the point, and the Governor will certify it, if necessary, over the heads of whatever opposition may arise. But the question is—will the Bengal legislature back the Government by a respectable majority, or will it give itself and the Government away by opposing and denouncing the Bill as "repressive"?

Writing on the very eve of its introduction I will not attempt to prejudice the debate. But if the discussion should follow the usual lines; if the legislators of Bengal should denounce the Bill and oppose its passage, what shall we be driven to infer? Not merely that they are in open sympathy with the Terrorists or else afraid of them; possibly a little of both. That may be taken for granted. But the argument conducts us a good deal further.

A Hopeless Future

If the legislators of Bengal are unwilling or afraid to grapple with Terrorism now, when they are more or less on their trial, what can we look for when they are given the free hand which is being prepared for them by MacDonald and the other Diesofts? It may easily happen that many of them may be related to members of the Terrorist gangs. Will they, when the reins of power have been surrendered to them, ignore those ties of kindred and visit their own relatives with the utmost rigour of outraged authority? No one who knows India will believe it.

Anything more hopeless or fantastic than the state of Bengal, relegated to the control of an elected legislature and with Terrorism rampant throughout the province, it would be impossible to conceive.

It is a cheerful prospect for those who live in Bengal; nor will Bengal's example be lost upon the lawless elements which lie very close to the surface of things all over India. But what of that? Has not our Socialist Prime Minister taken it on himself to pledge his country to surrender; and is not his Conservative henchman prepared to run all manner of vicarious risks to consummate that betrayal?

Salute to Conservatives

Being a few well-chosen words by a lecturer (name and politics unknown) at the Bonar Law College.

I
DEAR friends and students of Ashridge College,
 I'm proud to be here imparting knowledge
 To those who will some day be the Tory
 Party's peculiar pride and glory.
 As a sort of Liberal Socialist
 Myself I find it hard to desist
 From mentioning briefly the horrible schism
 That's shivered the cohorts of Cobdenism
 And tied Protection's repulsive can
 To the tail of the *Manchester Guardian*.
 So I'll merely remind you that Stanley B.
 Is at heart a Free Trader, just like me,
 And that even Neville is none too warm,
 When it comes to a pinch, for Tariff Reform,
 Which he fought, you remember, like billy-oh
 When he was in charge of the C.C.O.
 But now I'm digressing. I'm here to-day
 To set your feet in the grand old way
 Of Tory tradition, and keep alive
 The art of being of Conservative.
 (The name, you'll have noticed, we do not use—
 It's far too suggestive of Die-hard views—
 When writing the College prospectuses,
 So call yourselves any old thing you please.)

II
 This college is called after Bonar Law,
 A name you should all of you hold in awe,
 Though I couldn't myself show any devotion
 To a hard-boiled Ulster Nova Scotian,
 A type of Tory, it's plain to be seen,
 On which your leaders are none too keen,
 Sturdy and loyal and straight and kind,
 But lacking the international mind.
 HE'd never have shone in a party bent
 On peddling peace and disarmament,
 On letting the Indian Empire go,
 And keeping the Navy and Air Force low;
 HE'd never have kept the Party afloat
 By playing up to the Liberal vote,
 Or called in a Red Shirt like Ramsay Mac.
 As whipper-in to the Tory pack,
 Or chosen a fellow like snivelling Simon
 For the Foreign Office to waste its time on.

III
 But enough for the present! You'll soon hear
 From Anthony Eden and Ormsby-Gore, [more
 From Vyvyan Adams and Glyn and Grigg,
 And others whose names are inscribed in big
 Type in a Faculty that consists
 Of hand-picked internationalists.
 They'll not tell you, so don't be afraid,
 Of the needs of the Navy or Empire trade,
 Or the men and methods that ruled the State
 In the days when Britain was really great.
 Rather they'll bid you imbibe the pure
 Doctrines of Laski and Ramsay Muir,
 And the dear kind people who come in queues
 To lectures by international Jews.
 Maybe it's not what Broughton intended,
 But Simon MacBaldwin thinks it splendid;
 Maybe it would stick in the craw
 Of that dreadful old Orangeman, Bonar Law,
 But times must change and the modern Tory
 Compared with them, is a different story.

HAMADRYAD.

The Soul of Japan

Self-Abnegation—The Power Behind a Nation

By George Godwin

BUSHIDO, the Teaching of Knightly Ways, takes one straight to the soul of Japan, makes plain the self-abnegation of the individual, the supremacy of the race. It is, in short, the key to much that is inscrutable to the western mind in the Japanese approach to life.

Perhaps the nearest equivalent to Bushido is the chivalry of the western code. Yet Bushido is much more than that, for it rests upon a religious foundation, derives from a religious source—from Buddhism, from Shintoism.

Bushido teaches that, above all, never should sorrow or hurt be revealed or one's unhappiness be visited upon another. It teaches that whoever would escape Ten-ito-hajirm, self-shame, must bear with fortitude every misfortune and reveal a mask in the presence of tragedy.

There is a story of a Japanese mother whose daughter was killed before her eyes that illustrates what Bushido means in the daily life of Japan.

The mother gave no outward sign of her anguish, but recorded it in these words: "The mosses growing hidden in the depth of an ancient well may bring to stranger's ken the fluttering of their leaves, but never may my heart betray its emotions to human eyes."

The religions from which Bushido comes, teach that right conduct should be followed without hope of reward or fear of punishment. Sentiment has no place in this Japanese philosophy, one which teaches a form of stoicism more drastic than anything suffered by the children of Lacedaemonia.

The Acceptance of Suffering

Thus the Japanese child learns early on the significance of Bushido. It must spend long vigils in deserted graveyards, walk barefoot through the snow, smile at pain, suppress all outward signs of fear or agony.

To long centuries of this form of training, Japan owes the one quality that marks her off from the other nations of the world—her reactions to catastrophe. And this mute submission to every form of suffering permeates every aspect of social life and governs the individual in relation to the State and the duties demanded by it.

The Japanese soldier, it follows, goes into battle in a spirit fundamentally different from that of all other fighting men. For them glory is worth while, but preferably not at the cost of life itself. The Japanese fighting man goes into battle hoping for death as his greatest good and honour. The supreme importance of this psychological factor in battle was demonstrated on many occasions during the Russo-Japanese War, one instance being sufficient to bring home the significance of it.

During a retreat, a big gun was in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. Without a moment's hesitation, a gunner wormed his small

body into the barrel, the gun was fired, the human obstruction caused its destruction.

Much the same attitude was recently revealed when for the trials of the new Japanese man-steered torpedo volunteers were called for. Four hundred were called for: twelve hundred came forward, each man well knowing that to be sealed in that steel tube and travel with it to a given objective meant certain death.

It was a great Japanese warrior who lived in the Eleventh century who wrote:

*Subdue first of all thy own self;
Next thy friend, and last thy foe,
Three victories are these of him
That would a conqueror's name attain.*

The Japanese manner of wiping out insult reveals another facet of this all-pervading cult of self-immolation. Hara-kiri, or Seppuku, the honourable death, is his mode. There is no element of chance, nothing remotely resembling a duel: hara-kiri involves the insulted and the offender in certain death.

And it is not only as a remedy against insult that the Japanese calmly and with beautiful ceremonial proceeds to self-destruction: he will do so to mark grief. Thus, on the death of the late Emperor, descendant of the Gods, several military leaders and other men high up in the Imperial service, voluntarily committed hara-kiri. Their Emperor dead, who were they to live?

True, this custom has been dying out in recent years, yet it is deep-rooted in the national character and is revived at all times of national disaster or personal ruin or disgrace.

Honour First

A people with such a cult enjoys advantages over other peoples less zealous for national honour. Bushido may have for western minds something of the horrific element of the insects, whose neuropterous swarms perform the functions of the community with no more individual rights or significance than the unthinking parts of a machine: but its strength may not be denied.

Such, very briefly, is Bushido, the dynamic behind the swift and awe-inspiring rise of the Island Kingdom. Where will it lead Japan? That is a question no man would care to answer to-day. It remains necessary, however, to ponder the significance of Bushido, particularly at a moment when there is a possibility of its steely practice being pitted against the new graft of a similar cult in the swarming millions of Soviet Russia.

Both Japan and Russia enthrone the State above the individual, inculcate self-abnegation and surrender to authority. Should those two States ever stand opposed, the conflict may well shock even a world inured to bloodshed.

"Eve" on the Riviera

Mourning for the King of the Belgians

NOWHERE was the tragic death of "Le Roi Chevalier" more deeply mourned than in France. At Nice, the gardens, called by the revered name of Albert I, were thronged with people bearing flowers to lay before his statue.

One of the first to learn of the calamity was Maeterlinck (created Count by his Sovereign), who lives in the beautiful Villa Orlamonde, between Nice and Villefranche—fit retreat for a poet, with terraced gardens and a vast hall, where doves flutter free and his favourite white hound reposes.

Nice, which calls itself the intellectual capital of the Riviera, has opened an interesting exhibition, Historic, Artistic and Documentary, at the Masséna Museum. "In honour of the English," says an explanatory pamphlet, "who have so greatly assisted the prosperity of our region."

Growth of the Riviera

In the eighteenth century British visitors began to arrive: by sea from Marseilles, or Antibes, in boats called felouques, or by land, often crossing the Var on the backs of "passeurs," a wooden bridge being erected in 1793.

In 1823 a roadway was made through Nice's suburb *La Croix de Marbre*, where an English Colony had established itself, named *La Route des Anglais*. It became the world-famed Promenade.

There wintered many celebrities—the Dukes of York, Gloucester, Brunswick and Bedford. Later, with the advent of Queen Victoria, the tide of Fashion swept to the Hills, and splendid buildings arose in Cimiez's olive groves.

Cannes, also, was growing apace, since in 1838 Mr. Woolfield, settling in the small fishing village, introduced into his gardens eucalyptus and the sweet potato.

The chief glories of Riviera vegetation are foreign. Of the golden mimosa's two hundred varieties, none is European, but *Mimosa Sensitiva* has long been famous. Sir Walter Scott wrote of "Mimosa's tender tree," and many poets mention it.

In spite of the *crise*, la Côte d'Azur has welcomed, of late, Kings, Queens and Notabilities galore. The opera at Monte Carlo is thronged. Georges Thill won fresh laurels in "Parsifal" and "La Belle Hélène" charmed, as of old. The recital given by Alfred Cortot delighted a critical audience, and at the Wagner Festival Franz Völker's beautiful tenor voice was acclaimed.

Je Suis Partout, in an amusing paragraph entitled "Lady Astor tombe sur un bec" (is up against it), says:

"The House of Commons has voted a Bill authorising restaurants to serve alcohol until

midnight. Never will a Frenchman understand why whisky at ten o'clock is legitimate and whisky at eleven abominable debauchery. Anyhow, the professional moralists howled against the Bill, and Lady Astor asserted that those who voted for it had been bribed.

"The Speaker obliged her to apologise for this statement. Such English as are opposed to Female Suffrage point to Lady Astor as a providential and conclusive argument in favour of their opinions."

Beauty in the Market

Everyone near the Italian Frontier should visit the Flower Market at Ventimiglia. Its perfect organisation is typical of New Italy. We entered the great hall at 3.25, and saw, ranged on the long tables, countless hampers and boxes, covered with canvas. At 3.30 a signal was given; instantly all wrappings were removed in the upper part of the building, revealing a wealth of blossoms, the air becoming perfume-laden.

At 3.45 another signal sounded. The lower part of the hall uncovered its riches—carnations. And of every hue, every variety—fragrant, exquisite.

Round these stalls the great buyers for export were busy. These flowers travel well and are in demand in Northern cities, but the charming floral industry has suffered grievously of late.

The Romans Used Them

By F. W. H.

DURING recent excavation work in a street under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, I unearthed two ancient Roman cleavers or butchers knives, which I found at a depth of about 26 feet below the present surface level of the street. They date from about 100 B.C., and can now be seen in the Guildhall Museum.

What makes these objects of exceptional interest is the fact that in the Greek and Roman Life Room in the British Museum . . . in wall-case 42 . . . is a plaster cast of a Roman pork butcher's shop (Circa A.D. 150), and the assistant can be seen in the act of disjoining a side of bacon, and using a knife similar to the knives I have mentioned.

The cutting edge of one of my finds is almost perfect, and the condition of both of them is remarkable, considering their antiquity.

I also met with a fragment of pottery—which is beyond doubt of Roman origin—(date about 100 A.D.). The decoration consists of circles within circles, and this piece is certainly of a very unusual type. Its colour is of a lightish chocolate brown.

Clive of India

The Tragedy of an Empire Builder

By R. J. Minney

TO me the most surprising thing is that all the smug, self-satisfied old men who loll in their chairs contentedly to-day should regard Clive with almost a proprietary air. These are the very men whom Clive had to battle with. Despite their hostility, born of their disposition to do nothing, he triumphed over them, and gave us our great Indian Empire.

All his achievements were those of a turbulent youth with a will to win. He was never understood. From school after school he was expelled, until in despair his angry father, who was a small country solicitor, packed him off at the age of 17 to India, to die of a fever there for all it mattered.

From the start he was exceedingly unpopular. They disliked his vigour, his forthrightness, his desire to do things. Twice he tried to commit suicide, and twice he failed. Then three things happened almost at the same time, all of which were destined to alter the entire course of his life and our imperial history.

A Turning Point of History

The French captured Madras, which at the time was the most important of all the British possessions in India. The council of pompous men surrendered with hardly a struggle. Governor Morse, a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, was led through the streets of the French capital in chains. Clive refused to suffer the humiliation. Blackening his face, donning the disguise of an Indian, he leapt out of a window and escaped. Only one man dared to accompany him in this enterprise—a poor clerk called Edmund Maskelyne. The two men became friends.

They went together to Fort St. David, where the second event occurred. Realising that the army was quite incapable of achieving anything Clive decided to join it himself. Ignorant though he was of the elements of military science, like a youth inspired, he led the army to victory and to conquest.

The third of these changes in his life was due to a little locket that his friend Maskelyne was wearing. In the locket was the portrait of a girl in her early 'teens—Maskelyne's sister Margaret. Clive fell in love with the picture, proposed to Edmund, insisted that Margaret should be sent for, and in time she came—for Clive, the moment he saw that picture, had decided that there was no other girl he would ever want to marry. Astonishingly the love affair thus begun endured right through their lives—a beautiful romance with devotion and tenderness to colour it through the years.

With a mere handful of one hundred and twenty white men, and two or three hundred natives, Clive marched on Arcot, tramping all night

through one of the fiercest thunderstorms India has ever known. The Indians were terrified when this small weatherbeaten band of men arrived. It was to them more than a miracle—they abandoned the fort and fled.

This initial campaign strikes the keynote of everything Clive attempted in life. He made his decisions to act and acted instantly, despite the odds—and overwhelming odds they always were—despite the consequences.

Years later, living in ease and retirement, in the luxury of his vast country estate at Walcot, his devoted wife beside him, his family around him, when he learned he was wanted again in India, without a moment's hesitation, he abandoned everything and returned to duty. He did not stop to calculate what the consequences would be; nor, had he calculated, would it have made any difference.

He went out and, by many estimates, did his greatest work in India. He annexed the three provinces of Bengal, Bihar, and Orissa. He laid the foundations of British government. He purged the country of the many European adventurers who plagued it. He drove out of the army, the civil service, and the merchant ranks all those who were not prepared to uphold the word of the Sahib—self-seekers, unscrupulous men, who vowed they would take their revenge and, hurrying home, bought up seats in Parliament and newspapers with their ill-gotten gains to prepare a rod in pickle for Clive's homecoming.

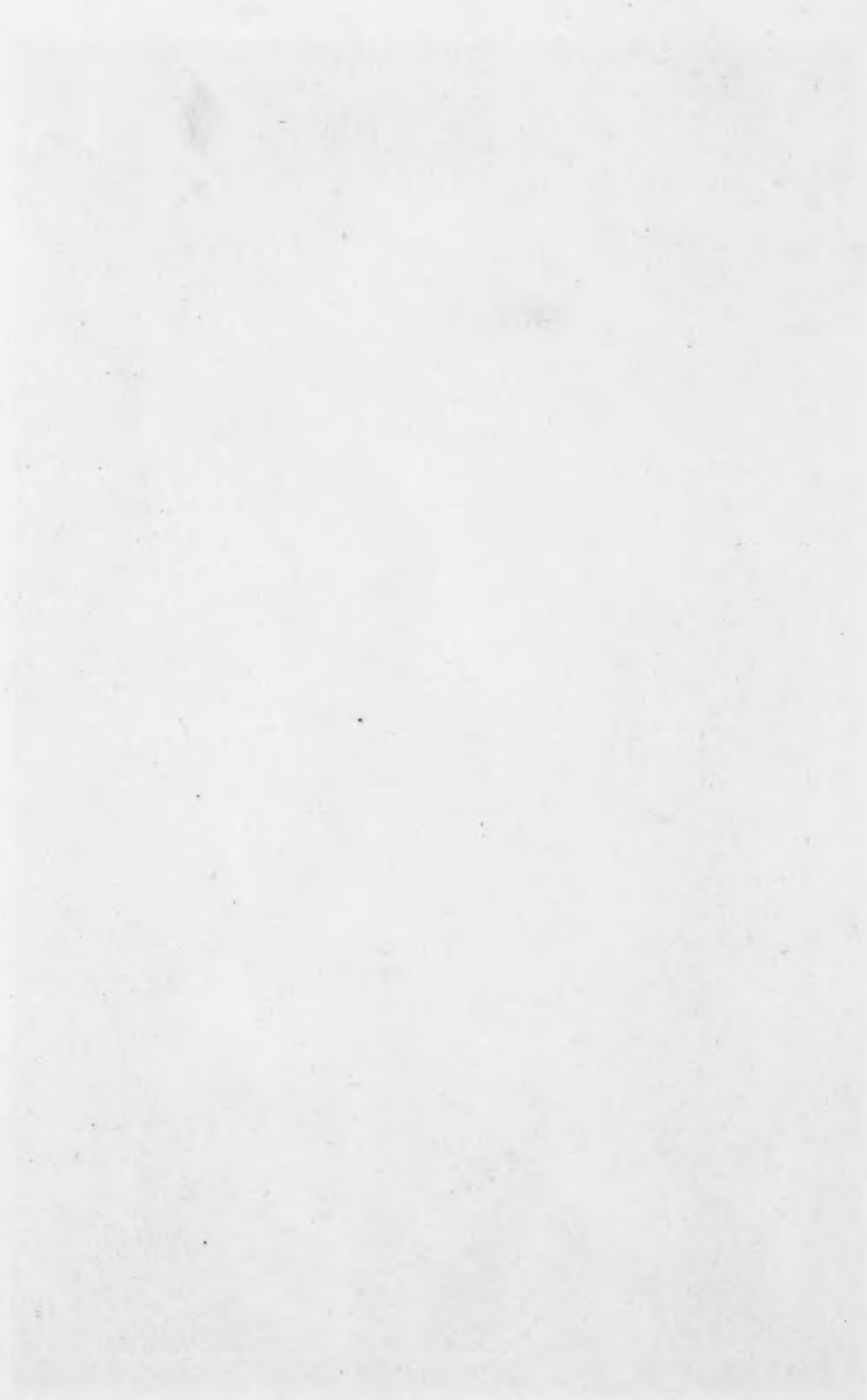
The Vote of Censure

He was broken on that wheel. A packed House of Commons, filled with the nominees of these embittered men, passed a vote of censure against him; and Clive died in his humiliation a few months later—not by his own hand, as his enemies so maliciously said, but by an overdose of opium unwittingly taken to relieve internal pains.

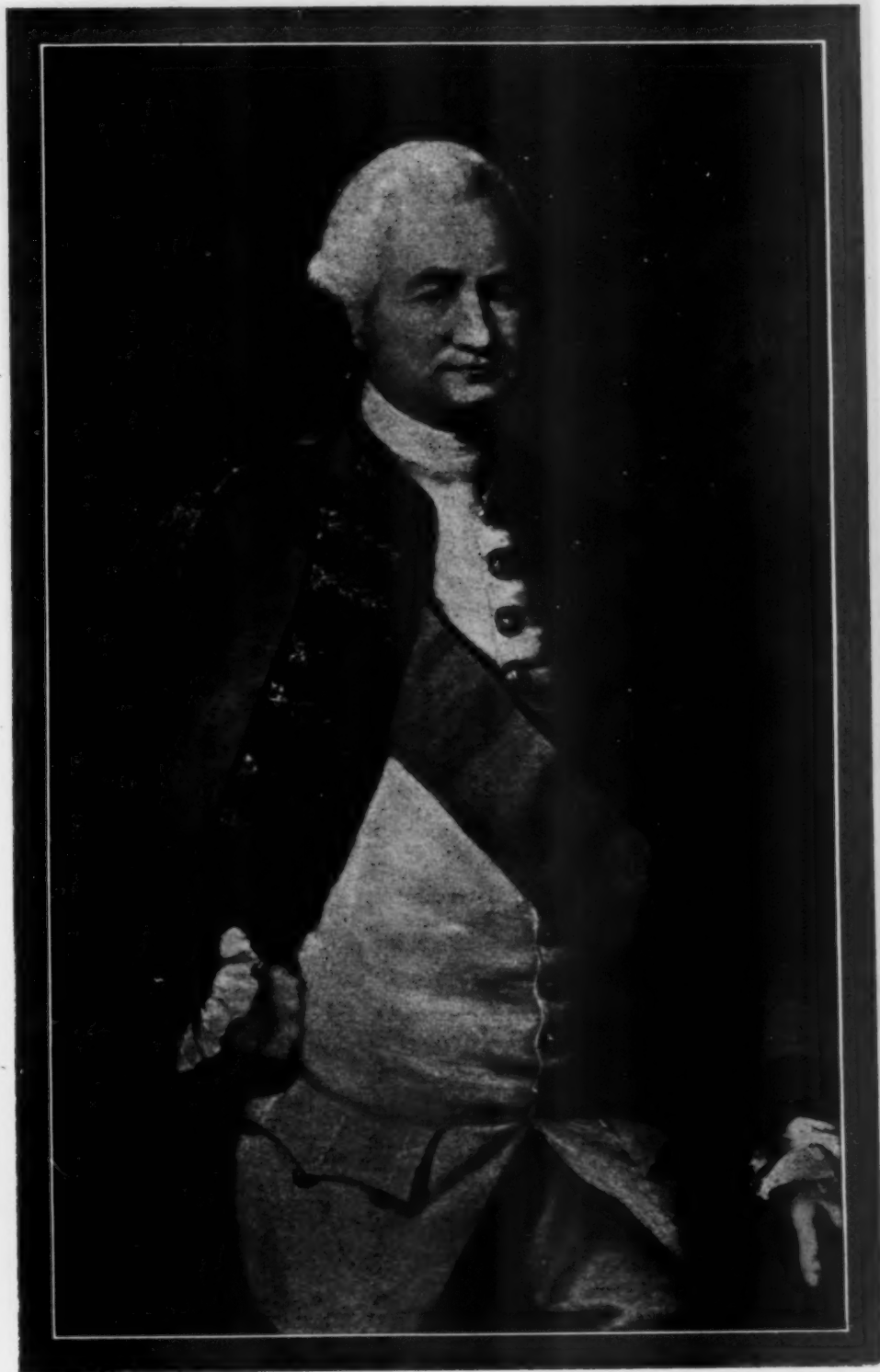
Just a little before his death the revolt began, across the Atlantic, of our American colonies. The King realised that there was only one man who could subjugate the rebels—and that man was Clive. His Majesty appealed to Clive to take command of the expedition that was being sent to America to crush the insurrection. History is agreed, even Macaulay is agreed, that had Clive gone the secession of America would have been delayed by at least one generation. But the call came too late. Clive heard it in a daze, not understanding, for he was a sick and broken man, destined to live but a few weeks longer.

But the country learned nothing from this tragedy. We lost America; and a few years later the snarling pack procured the humiliation of still another Empire builder upon his homecoming—Warren Hastings.

CLAYE OF INDIA



CLIVE OF INDIA



Clive placed justice in India—never truckled to his superiors—but staked all on immediate resolute attacks—and won.

SERIAL

The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. This week concludes the story of Britain's failure in China, culminating in the collapse of the principles on which the £100,000,000 Hankow Concession was built. Then the author analyses our attitude in Egypt and Palestine.

IT was not merely the vast sums expended on its development, said to amount to over 100 million sterling, that were sacrificed to this policy; the surrender of Hankow involved much more than gold. It was the destruction of the British Concession as a base for law and order that produced a moral effect more disastrous than financial losses.

To-day, as Mr. J. O. P. Bland has recently pointed out, Shanghai (which during the last three years we have had to spend £6,000,000 yearly to defend) is "the only centre of wealth and trade in China which has not been looted, the only efficiently administered city in the land."

And Mr. Bland goes on to ask:

How . . . shall we explain the fact that three successive British Governments have persisted in a policy towards China, which ignores all our experience during a century of intercourse with that country, and which has signally failed to contribute anything towards the establishment of a stable Chinese Government? . . . The answer lies in the prevalence of political idealism in high quarters, of that idealism which advocates elevating the masses in the East by virtue of democratic institutions, which professes its belief in racial equality, self-determination and all the pet delusions of the international doctrinaire . . . which displays its moral superiority by assuming in every difference with another country that England must be in the wrong, and that the opponent is therefore entitled to sympathy and support. The influence of this type of denationalised idealism may be clearly traced, since the beginning of the century, in the wanton sacrifice of British interests at many a vital point, most notably in India, Egypt and Ireland.¹

Letter from the East

Mr. Bland locates this school of thought at present largely in the Round Table Group, Chatham House (the Royal Institute of International Affairs) and the League of Nations Union. In this connection it may be of interest to quote an expression of opinion coming from an entirely different source which tends to corroborate the same view. The following is an extract from a letter received by the present writer in 1925 from a British official in the East:

I take a very serious view of the intrigues of the "Round Table" and "Fabian Society" amongst the superior Civil Services of the Crown. I have for some time past been doing all in my power to combat this evil, but with no success, as the "Round Table" is now very strongly represented in High Places in official life and in Parliamentary circles: and practically holds

any Government in its power which is in any way dependent on this particular class of permanent official, combined with the political Zionists in maintaining the Party in position. I have just retired from — where I have been the last five years . . . and have seen and felt—very much to my cost—the power wielded by those two pernicious bodies working together. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Baldwin's Government will prove strong enough to grapple with this evil. The British Institute for International Affairs is its most recent stunt—from which it would appear that they have succeeded in drawing the Foreign Office into their net as well.

The Hidden Hand

These statements, for which the present writer takes no responsibility, seem worthy of consideration as the testimony of a man on the spot, in a country other than China, concurring to a large extent with the conclusions of a profound student of Chinese affairs, and providing some explanation of the "continuity of foreign policy" which has proved so fatal to British interests. The paralysis that has afflicted every Government in turn may in part be produced by a group of political "Idealists," in the main sincere, but not unsusceptible to dangerous guidance. I find it difficult, however, to believe that such institutions as the Round Table Group, Chatham House, the League of Nations Union or even the Fabian Society—which has certainly succeeded in penetrating the Ministries and the whole Civil Service—could, unless in alliance with financial power, exercise so decisive an influence on the councils of the nation and bend statesmen of every party to their will. More potent causes for the suicidal tendencies of the British Empire must be at work—the Hidden Hand operates under many disguises.

Surrender to the Wafd

Although neither Egypt nor Palestine has ever formed a part of the British Empire, it is necessary to include them in this survey, because as spheres of British influence, occupying geographically an important key position, they offer a particularly vulnerable point for attack by the enemies of Britain.

England, moreover, throughout the last fifty years has owned considerable interests in Egypt, and together with other European countries, notably France and Italy, has spent vast sums in developing the country both for her own benefit and that of the native population. The construction of the Assuan Dam and of barrages on the Nile created perennial irrigation and added millions of acres to the cultivated areas; the

¹ "The Road to Ruin in China" in the *English Review* of April 1930. See also Mr. J. O. P. Bland's articles, "China: a Diehard Delusion" and "China's Road to Ruin" in the *English Review* of June 1927 and March 1929.

SERIAL

condition of the people was immensely improved; slavery was abolished and the finances of the country, disordered by the Khedives, restored to prosperity—all this by the united efforts of European Powers, but particularly by the British.

From 1882 until the outbreak of War Egypt was under the joint control of Great Britain, represented by a Consul-General and a Sirdar, and of Turkey, represented by the Khedive. When Turkey entered the War on the side of Germany, Great Britain took immediate steps to protect her interests and those of her allies in Egypt, and to defend that region from aggression. Accordingly a British Protectorate over Egypt was declared on December 18, 1914. At the same time the Khedive was deposed and replaced by Prince Hussein, under the title of Sultan of Egypt. On the death of Hussein on October 9, 1917, the succession passed to his brother Ahmed Fuad, who, later on, under the Constitution of 1923, was styled "King of Egypt and the Sudan."

Britain Not Wanted

Although under an Egyptian ruler, whose relations with Great Britain were perfectly harmonious, the Watanists or Nationalists of Egypt, who since the time of Arabi in 1882 had agitated against British participation in the administration of the country, insisted directly after the War that the Protectorate should be ended. The leader of this party was Zaghlul Pasha, a former ally of Arabi, who was pro-Turk and anti-British, and an organisation named the Wafd was formed to carry out his schemes.

In November 1918 Zaghlul went to the High Commissioner, Sir Reginald Wingate, and demanded complete independence. When this was refused the Wafd issued the most inflammatory proclamations against Great Britain, a murder gang known as the "Vengeance Society" was formed and several British officers were assassinated. The conspirators were finally brought to trial, and in March 1919 the British military authorities arrested Zaghlul with several of his associates and deported them to Malta.

This was the signal for a violent outbreak all over the valley of the Nile. Whereupon the British Government ordered the release of Zaghlul and his friends, who made their way to Paris, whence they continued to direct the activities of the Wafd. A mission to Egypt, headed by Lord Milner, was now boycotted by order of Zaghlul, who, however, agreed to come to London and meet Lord Milner during the summer of 1920. Here—apparently as a reward for good conduct—a memorandum was handed to him by Lord Milner recommending the abolition of the British Protectorate, the recognition of Egypt as an independent State, though safeguarding special British interests. This was so much more than Zaghlul had expected that he was emboldened to increase his demands, which rendered all settlement impossible. He was then permitted to return to Egypt, where he continued to carry on

agitation. Violent riots took place in Alexandria in June 1921, and the negotiations that Great Britain was conducting with the Cabinet of Adly Pasha broke down.

A further handful of fuel was cast on the blaze that was spreading throughout Egypt, by the arrival in Egypt in the autumn of a deputation consisting of six Members of Parliament—five "Labour" and one Wee Free Liberal—who were welcomed at Alexandria by leading Zaghlulists, and who proceeded to issue a *communiqué* proclaiming their opinion that complete independence should be given to Egypt. Considering that Zaghlul Pasha had recently been revealed as one of the first debenture holders in "Labour's" official organ, the *Daily Herald*, this action may perhaps be set down to a praiseworthy sense of gratitude.

The British Government now, in a Note on December 3, 1921, ventured on a firmer line which, like all intermittent displays of authority, produced a violent repercussion. A manifesto on Gandhist lines was issued by the leading Zaghlulists, advocating a policy of passive resistance and demanding a boycott of all British goods, enterprises and individuals. Rioting broke out anew. The British Government, forced to restore order, again arrested Zaghlul with some of his companions and sent them this time to the Seychelles, in spite of the protests of the Labour Party. Then, in the following month of February 1922, Great Britain solemnly proclaimed the independence of Egypt.

"Fair Play" Theory

In order to appreciate the full significance of such a step at this juncture, it is necessary to realise what was going on in the background of these events. If Great Britain had only had the Egyptian Nationalists to reckon with, a policy of concessions, however inexpedient, would at any rate have been comprehensible. Many honest and high-minded statesmen sincerely believe that at times of crisis the only path to peace lies in partially yielding to the demands of the agitators. Judging others by themselves, they imagine that an appeal to reason and to a sense of "fair play" cannot fail in its effect. Although controverted by history, which teaches that times of crisis are the last moments at which to yield, this theory does honour to the hearts, if not the heads, of those who entertain it.

But in Egypt, as in India, in China and in Ireland, the Nationalist movement was backed by a fiercer force, opposed as much to true Nationalism as to the interests of the British Empire. Behind Zaghlul and his Wafdist stood the dark directory of world revolution that now had its seat in Moscow.

Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 8, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; Sept. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Oct. 7, 14, 21, 18; Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25; Dec. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Jan. 6, 13, 20, 27; Feb. 3, 10, 17 and 24.

To Speed or Not to Speed?

Motoring and Human Nature

By Maynard Greville

"DON'T do that: you might hurt yourself." How many times have we heard this remark, and how many times have we needed it?

Many of us would be much better off if we had paid attention to admonitions of this kind in our youth, but on the other hand civilisation would not be in such a hopeless mess if we had ignored it.

If we really took to heart this admonition the British Empire as it exists at the present moment would not have come into being, nor for that matter would any other Empire. One of the tragedies of modern youth is its inability to express itself without going to extremes. Roughly speaking each of us can live under the present conditions in a state of comparative safety without doing anything at all.

We can of course carry on for a certain time in a state which approximates to a vacuum, but unfortunately nature abhors a vacuum, and as in the long run nature always beats intellectual attempts to foil her, at the end of this safety-first period we find ourselves in extremely low water.

One may well ask what this has to do with motoring; but at the present time motoring has taken its place as one of the normal activities of the ordinary citizen, through which he expresses himself.

Why it should be assumed that directly a man steps into a car he should become a totally different individual it is difficult to understand. The greater part of the population of this country are motorists in one way or another. They may not be actual drivers, but they travel in coaches and buses at some time or another, and by so doing they at once become motorists.

A Man's a Man for a' that

A human being remains the same individual whether he is in charge of a car or on his feet. He is merely confronted with a different environment and a different set of circumstances with which to grapple. In the first place he is faced with problems which he has to solve almost instantaneously, which in the normal course of his life he would never have to deal with at all.

One might argue from this that the modern man is so well looked after that he is quite unable to look after himself, but this I would like to deny strenuously. One of the greatest marvels of nature is, in my opinion, the way in which man refuses to become a mere machine. Limit him as you will in his outlook and his habits, he still insists on expanding and doing something a little different.

Unfortunately to-day the resistance to normal expansion is so great that the youth of the country has to spend its time in breaking out violently into excesses, which it would not for a

moment countenance if it was left to its normal devices.

We frequently hear criticisms of attempts on speed records whether on land, air, or water. People ask what is the use of doing these things and those who are criticised make out a long and unnecessary case, pointing out how they are improving the breed of the car, boat, or aeroplane.

This should be unnecessary. The improvement of the type of device used is merely a secondary consideration. If a thing is worth doing it is worth doing for itself and naturally the community will benefit from the experience gained. This experience is, however, only a by-product, and the actual thing done, though one may not be able to reckon it in pounds, shillings and pence, is definitely worth while.

As a case in point I may instance the fact that I was present at the time when the late Mr. Parry Thomas killed himself on Pendine Sands in an attempt to pass the world's land speed record. Though I may say that I was a friend of Mr. Thomas's and felt his death keenly, I would infinitely have preferred that he should meet his end as he did, than, for instance, trying to be an extremely bad stockbroker or following some other vocation for which he was entirely unsuited.

The Idea of Speed

I have no brief for racing drivers at the present time, but I must say that their vocation is something that should be encouraged by those who do not merely think of the immediate results. They are the motorists who are not stagnating, but are laying the foundation for the new motoring.

The idea of speed is definitely abhorrent to most of those who are unable to face any form of change and realise their own inability to cope with the new situations which will arise.

On the other hand the resistance to speed produces in the young organism a tendency to overdo the thing, and in fact a desire for destruction.

The present toll of road accidents is largely produced by this warfare, which on the one hand puts a premium on incompetence and on the other encourages sheer bad temper.

The Hen

The parlour-maid is wont to lay
Our breakfast at the break of day,
That is, she lays the breakfast-table,
But being physically unable
To lay the egg, beloved of men,
Resigns that office to the Hen.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

A Book that Hitler Banned

Nazi Expansionist Dream—Plan for the Invasion of England

Reviewed by Clive Rattigan

HITLER and his lieutenants have assured the world that the third Reich is eminently peaceful; that all the German Nazis want is security guaranteed by equality in armaments.

There are many people both in France and England who are still rather sceptical regarding the genuineness of these pacific assurances, who regard these peaceful gestures and ten-year pacts as merely devices to lull Europe into happy slumber while war plans are being quietly matured.

These sceptics will undoubtedly find plenty of support for their views in the latest book of the Nazi Professor of Military Science at Brunswick Technical College—Herr Ewald Banse. Nor are they likely to be influenced in their judgment by the fact that this book (*Raum und Volk im Weltkrieg*), like its predecessor, a military manual, has been banned by the German Government, seeing that Herr Professor Banse still holds his post.

Spite Against England

An English translation is now available through the enterprise of Messrs. Lovat Dickson under the title of "Germany Prepare for War" (10s. 6d.), and the publishers have added a preface of their own to it, pointing out the efforts that have been made to stop its appearance in England and the reasons why they have resisted those attempts.

Both in this preface and on the paper cover accompanying the book special emphasis is placed on one particular passage in which reference is made to England. This passage (as translated in the preface) runs:—

"It is very important to judge English popular character in the event of an enemy invasion . . . It is a question whether this people would stand the test of hunger. We confess that it is charming to imagine and portray the downfall of this proud and secure people at some future time, a people which will have to obey foreign lords in a country unconquered since 1066 or will have to renounce its lucrative colonial empire. Every Englishman and Englishwoman would regard these sentences as a monstrosity, indeed a blasphemy, if they ever came to know them."

In the section of his book devoted to England, Herr Banse deals thoroughly with the physical features of the country, the psychology of its people and the vulnerability of its industrial centres. He also shows by a map how the invasion of England might be effected, with main bases in Holland and Belgium and a "supporting base" in Dublin.

But it is only fair to Herr Banse to add that England is only one of the many countries he treats of in his comprehensive outline of a Science of Defence and that at the close of his book he speaks of the "Anglo-Saxon group of powers which control world trade and without whose

support or benevolent neutrality a new European war on a large scale is an impossibility."

England, says Herr Banse, "instituted the war of starvation, the war of economic annihilation and the war of lies" so "henceforth war is no longer a crossing of swords with the enemy, but the military, economic, psychological and moral destruction and extermination of the enemy nation."

The Professor does not descend to details, but goes on to stress the importance of propaganda in peace-time as a necessary preparation for war-time propaganda.

"Defence" Extraordinary

It is from the mistakes, political and strategic, of the Great War that Herr Banse draws his lesson for the Third Reich—the need of a special Science of Defence, which is to embrace, among other things, a careful study of other nations' psychology and terrain and of the means of supplementing the Reich's deficiencies in economic resources and which is to be directed towards bringing into being a Greater Germany ("the proper territory of a true Third Reich"), through additions such as Austria, Holland and her colonies, and parts of France, Italy, Yugo-Slavia, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Denmark. The Professor is nothing if not ambitious for the Third Reich, whose mission, he says, is

"once more to unite all the German-speaking peoples of Central Europe under one flag, to restore to the most spiritually creative and profound people on earth that inward leadership for which the world will one day cry aloud.

"We want an empire in which we can once more profess and call ourselves German . . . The Third Reich, as we dream of it—from the Flanders coast to the Raab, from Memel to the Etsch (Adige) and the Rhone—can only be born in blood and iron."

To sum up: From the fact that the book has been banned and that attempts have been made to prevent its publication in England, it is obvious that the German Government realise the provocative character both of Herr Banse's language and of his "Defence" scheme. But since he still holds his post and is apparently at full liberty to preach his ideas to his pupils, it is also a reasonable presumption that the authorities in Germany do not regard his doctrines as so foolish as the communiqué announcing the banning of the book made them out to be. In other words, the expansionist dream of the Professor is also the dream of the present Hitler Government.

And with this clue to Hitlerism's ambitions before us, is it not high time that Britain undertook a really scientific investigation into her own defence arrangements. Instead of wasting months and years in futile disarmament discussions

A Dunce Who Rose to Fame

CHARLES DARWIN in his youth was the despair of his school-masters. They could teach him nothing; they could only regard him as a dunce. His father told him that "he cared for nothing but shooting, dogs and rat-catching" and very wisely removed him from a school where he was doing no good.

In one respect his father and his masters were hardly fair to him, for the idleness they rebuked included a passion for natural history and chemical experiment.

But neither of these two things seemed to fit him for any of the ordinary careers of life, and so Charles Darwin, after proving his incapacity for his father's profession as a doctor, was sent as a last resort to Cambridge to train for the Church.

Happily, Fate now intervened to set him on a course that was to lead him to Fame—and Westminster Abbey. Through the influence of Professor Henslow at Cambridge he received an invitation to sail as naturalist on the surveying expedition of H.M.S. *Beagle*. Much to his father's disgust the invitation was accepted, and for the next five years Charles Darwin was busy accumulating the vast store of information on animal and plant life and geological phenomena that was to be the foundation for his great works on "The Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man."

Major Hingston who tells Darwin's story for us in the latest volume of "Great Lives" published by Messrs. Duckworth (2s.), gives us an admirable study of the man as well as a just appreciation of his work. One is tempted to quote the final summing up:—

"Much of what he built so laboriously will vanish. On the other hand, much is certain to endure. Pangenesis is dead—nay it was stillborn; Sexual Selection has been violently assaulted; Natural Selection is hanging in the balance. These are exuberances of the evolutionary philosophy. Undoubtedly they contain their germs of truth, but the germs are smaller than the master thought. While the central evolutionary framework stands, the exuberances in the end will largely pass into decay. The framework is unassailable . . . It is likely to last to the end of time." B.C.

Our Prison System

HITHERTO there has been no publication giving a complete and authoritative account of the actual working of the modern English prison system, but this rather singular omission has now been made good by "The Modern English Prison," by L. W. Fox, secretary of the Prison Commissioners (Routledge, 10s. 6d.).

Many facts mentioned in this very readable book will come as a surprise to the ordinary layman, notably that "hard labour" only survives in the quaint provision that a prisoner, so sentenced, shall be deprived of his mattress for the first 14 days of his incarceration and that there is "no substantial difference in the conditions under which sentences of penal servitude and sentences of imprisonment are served."

New Novels

CLEVER characterisation and a remarkable gift for conveying impressions and effects with a strict and just economy of language brought a well-deserved success to Elizabeth Cambridge with her first novel, "Hostages to Fortune." The same fine qualities add distinction to her new book, "The Sycamore Tree" (Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.).

Mr. Jack Lindsay is described as a classical scholar of distinguished credentials. There is no doubt that he is. His tale of Catalina's rebellion ("Rome for Sale," Elkin Mathews & Marrot, 8s. 6d.) oozes with intensive study and research; but whether it is a good novel is another matter.

It suffers from too many characters. There are over ninety, many of whom are so lightly sketched in as to be mere dummies. The result is that one has continually to refer to a list of *Dramatis Personæ* to find out what it is all about. This elaboration, though it probably helps to build up a panorama, tends to obscure the principal characters.

It may seem not such a far cry from Rome to the Gods of Ancient Greece. But there is little in common between the former and Mr. Thorne Smith's book, "The Night Life of The Gods" (Arthur Barker, 7s. 6d.), which is meant to amuse, and does. The idea is fantastic. A modern American scientist discovers two rays by which he can petrify people and change them back to flesh and blood at will. He meets a weird and beautiful creature, half sprite, who teaches him how to convert statues into living beings.

The whole is magnificent fooling. The pair enter the Metropolitan Museum and bring to life Neptune, Bacchus, Mercury, Venus, Diana, Hebe and other Olympians. Their behaviour is distinctly unsocial and soon attracts the attention of the police. Mr. Thorne Smith has written a satire on modern American life which hits hard and to the point.

A novel of unusual type is "The Countryman's Jewel," "edited" by Marcus Woodward and the greater part of it written by his brother, the late W. Arthur Woodward (Chapman & Hall, 15s.). The story is of a Sussex squire in Elizabeth's reign, a squire who is as interested in writing books on country life and its pursuits as he is in farming; and we are given copious extracts from his works in Elizabethan language. The book is a strange mixture of historical novel and antiquarian lore; but its very quaintness and originality of form lend to it a peculiar charm.

In "Four Generations" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) Naomi Jacob completes the trilogy of the Jewish family Gollantz, displaying in this sequel to "That Wild Lie" and "Young Emmanuel" no falling off in the power to grip the reader's interest by crisply flowing narrative and sureness of touch in the handling of character.

Be Prepared !

The Moral of a War Diary

THE Great War had its surprises in the political as well as in the military field. And who could have anticipated that it would place a railway expert who had received the greater part of his training on a minor Indian line in charge of the Admiralty or that it would elevate a Professor of Anatomy to the no less responsible post of Minister of Munitions?

That is what actually happened, and it is the turn now of the Anatomist to tell us, by aid of the diary he maintained with few lapses through the whole war period, what was going on day by day behind the scenes in Whitehall and how the early muddle over the munitions was eventually straightened out by taking full advantage of the country's immense industrial resources.

The Rt. Hon. Christopher Addison was with the Ministry of Munitions from its creation to July, 1917, serving as Under-Secretary first to Mr. Lloyd George and then to the late Mr. Edwin Montagu before becoming in December, 1916, Minister of Munitions himself.

Not unnaturally, perhaps, his diary, "Four and a Half Years: Vol. 1" (Hutchinsons, 18s.), lays all the blame for the early lack of organisation in the manufacture of munitions on the War Office and its chief, Lord Kitchener. But the real cause of the early muddles was, of course, the total unpreparedness of this country for a war of such magnitude—despite the clear warnings of that great soldier, Lord Roberts.

How America Helped Us

It was only when the nation began to realise what the struggle it had entered actually meant that the way was opened for the establishment of a special Ministry of Munitions and the complete utilisation of Britain's manufacturing resources for the turning out of guns, shells and other war material.

The true moral of Dr. Addison's diary, as of the whole story of the Great War, is that lack of adequate provision against war risks in peace-time is bound to have unpleasant and expensive consequences when war threats materialise.

The diary tells us that in April, 1915, Mr. Lloyd George was expressing the belief that, had it not been for the American supply of munitions, "we should have been beaten." Then in June of that year, just after the creation of the new Ministry, we have entries showing enormous arrears in the home deliveries of arms and munitions—in small arms arrears of 200 million rounds, in rifles of 50,000, and in high explosive shells of several hundred thousand. "If we allow for 30 per cent. of the promises being fulfilled we are being generous."

Finally, just a year after the birth of the Ministry, we read: "The shell-filling programme is now booming. This week it will be well over 900,000, and we hope to reach the million in a fortnight."

The Lovable Soldier

Prince Eugene

MILITARY genius has not always been allied to nobility of character. But in Prince Eugene of Savoy his contemporaries could find much to admire both in the man and in his outstanding qualities as a commander in the field.

Meanness was no part of him; his quiet strength of purpose saved him from the little and bigger sins of less or equally great men. He had a gift for making and retaining friendships, there being a charm about his simple, frank, unassuming generous-hearted nature that few could resist.

If his head could not be turned by triumphs in the field or by the honours heaped upon him by a grateful Emperor, he could also bear with smiling equanimity the slight put upon him by the Government of a nation with whose soldiers he had been associated in the winning of splendid victories.

In England in 1711 the Government gave him a very cold reception, peace being in the air and Marlborough in disgrace; but this did not deter him from seeking out his old comrade in arms and greeting him affectionately.

A True Friend

"Had I," he tells us in his Memoirs, "acted as my good cousin Victor Amadeus would have done in my place, I should have cried out against Marlborough still more loudly than his enemies and have refused to see him," but "gratitude, esteem, the partnership of so many military operations and pity for a person in disgrace caused me to throw myself into Marlborough's arms."

Here was a man surely who understood the real meaning of the word friendship, and can one wonder at the feelings of love and devotion towards himself that he inspired in others? Witness the remark of his old friend, Countess Bathiany, when asked whether she had married the then old Marshal: "I love him too well for that. I would rather have a bad reputation than take away his and thus abuse his age at 72."

If, as indeed is highly probable, Louis XIV was the father of the Countess of Soissons' famous son, we have yet another instance of the irony of fate: the *Grand Monarque*, by insisting upon Eugene becoming an Abbé, forced him to take service with the Hapsburg and thus with Marlborough's help bring to nought the French dreams of conquest.

Prince Eugene helped Marlborough to win the battles of Blenheim, Oudenarde and Malplaquet, and by masterly strategy defeated the French also in Italy, while by his victories over the Turks he saved Europe from being overrun by the Ottoman armies.

Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, in telling us the story of "Prince Eugene" (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d.), in that light, breezy style familiar to readers of his fifteen other books, rightly assigns to him a very high place in the soldiers' Valhalla.

The Ceylon Experiment

MR. MUIRHEAD, in his impressionist sketches of latter-day Ceylon ("Brother Ceylon," Lincoln Williams, 6s.), takes Bishop Heber's famous hymn "Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile," as his text for a severe indictment of the politically-minded, official and business classes in the indigenous population. He also evinces contempt for the European "heaven-born" official and the petty weaknesses incidental to station life in the East.

He went to Ceylon apparently to take up an administrative post, with the object mainly of making a close study of the political situation and the conclusions he arrived at may be gathered from the following extracts from his book:—

"A large percentage of the native members of the Ceylon State Council are judgment debtors. Accordingly one of the first measures was to pass the Judgment Debtors Bill whereby they proposed to grant an indefinite moratorium to all debtors and persons sued for recovery of debts. The Governor was compelled in sheer defence of Ceylon trade and self-respect to certify and veto the Bill."

"Ceylon has in two years succeeded in reducing itself from affluence to the verge of bankruptcy."

"Anglo-phobia is now a distinctly fashionable disease among the natives."

"The status of the European Government official has dwindled to nothing and the Ceylon taskmasters are utterly unmoral in their dealings with him."

"At present Ceylon might be likened to the refractory infant of a foolishly adoring and weak father whom it loves like a dose of castor-oil and respects not at all."

A rather depressing verdict for our idealist constitution builders! C.B.

Religion's Growth

IN the fifth volume of his "Modern Handbooks on Religion" ("Man and Deity," Heffer & Sons, 7s. 6d.), the Rev. A. C. Bouquet attempts to give a general outline of religion, tracing its origin to man's need for something to explain, to himself, the why and wherefore of his existence. He writes that his own early days among the proletariat give him a claim to be listened to by "professedly atheistic communists."

From the period when man first began to reflect, there has been a groping for some object, or objects, to worship. Monotheism is shown to be a logical evolution from a system of many gods, of which there was always one supreme god. The five centuries B.C., with such figures as Zarathustra, Pythagoras, Confucius and Gautama, and the era of inquiry into matters of religion that followed, made a striking background ready for the teaching of Jesus.

Religious conflicts, fusions and dissensions in all parts of the world, are linked in the chain of development, and some rare and beautiful extracts from sacred books of many Oriental cults are given. The many sects in India, and the difficulties of uniting them, are examined with a detached judgment that make this chapter particularly valuable. A.D.

Books in Brief

MR. CARVETH WELLS has, as his books bear witness, a love of travel and adventure, but the hardships he had undergone in his previous explorations were as nothing to his painful experience in Soviet Russia when cutting loose from the ordinary conducted tour. How he managed to do this and set out on a trip through the Ukraine to Mount Ararat he explains in a wittily written book called "Kapoot" (Jarrolds, 18s.)—a German word much in use in Russia for the many things "out of order."

"The journey," he tells us, "was an almost continual nightmare of horrible sights and disgusting experiences. I never dreamed that human beings could sink to the level to which Communism has brought them in the Land of the Great Experiment."

The Crimean War, like the last Great War, found England hopelessly unprepared, both in military equipment and in the spirit of her rulers, and we had to pay in our soldiers' blood and suffering for this lack of prevision. Mabell Countess of Airlie, who tells us the story of the Crimean War with the aid of letters written by Colonel Strange Jocelyn, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, ("With the Guards we Shall Go," Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.) reminds us that the Guards embarked in their scarlet and gold and bearskins, without great-coats, tents or huts, and a year later there were only 450 men among them left and these "haggard, worn-out and half-naked." The letters reveal to us Lord Raglan living in a comfortable farm-house and Lord Cardigan sleeping on his private yacht in Balaklava harbour, while the troops on land were being subjected to terrible privations.

The student of history will welcome the new cheaper edition of Mr. Christopher Dawson's "The Making of Europe" (Sheed & Ward, 8s. 6d.). In this book Mr. Dawson treats the period usually known as the Dark Ages (400—1000 A.D.) from a new and suggestive angle, holding that in them we really witness the true beginnings of European civilisation, the birth of the European unity whose development has been obscured, as he thinks, by too great emphasis on separate national traditions.

Another cheaper edition, just out, is that of "Japan: Mistress of the Pacific" (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.). The authors of this book, Colonel P. T. Etherton and H. Hessel Tiltman, examine the new balance of power in the Pacific resulting from Japan's creation of the new Manchuria kingdom. The book contains much interesting information on the Far East problem, though its authors' views on some of the aspects of that problem may be open to criticism.

There has always been a public for accounts of criminal cases; but there seems little reason for Mr. Roland Wild's re-hash of the newspaper reports of 1933 ("Crimes and Cases of 1933," Rich & Cowan, 15s.).

SURRENDER OF AN EMPIRE, by Nesta H. Webster. This book of 400 pages is a plain unvarnished record of the works of our politicians since 1914, which have brought us ever closer to ruin. It is not a pleasant tale, but it is retold with unerring pen, and is an invaluable political study. Price 7s. 6d. The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., 10, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

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The Cinema

Jack Hulbert and Lilian Harvey

By Mark Forrest

JACK HULBERT'S new picture, "Jack Ahoy," at the Tivoli, is full of what is known as boisterous fun. He is once more directed by Mr. Walter Forde, and the combination appears to be a very happy one. Good, however, as this entertainment is, there is present that fairly usual British fault when farce is the order of the day—namely, ignorance of when to stop. This film is several hundred feet too long and judicious cutting would sharpen it up.

The beginning, which sees Jack Hulbert joining his ship and falling in love with the admiral's daughter, is all very amusing, but later on the story meanders to China where the effects are not so crisp; back again at sea, this time in a submarine, the farce waxes fast and furious—only to peter out somewhat before the finish.

With Jack Hulbert is Alfred Drayton, who resists the temptation to distort the admiral, and Nancy O'Neil, as the girl who is the cause of most of the bother. She does what she has to do successfully enough, but apart from Jack Hulbert and Sam Wilkinson, who acts as a foil for him, no one else has much to do. The picture is robust and clean, and should be a great success both in town and in the provinces.

Lilian Harvey's last film, "I Am Suzanne," at the New Gallery, is a curious mixture. The real stars are the Italian marionettes, and those who didn't see them on the stage in London a short time ago should not miss them now. What, however, is their exact bearing on the story is more than I can tell.

Gene Raymond, in the rôle of the manager of the marionettes, falls in love with Lilian Harvey, a dancer. She breaks her back, but recovers the use of her legs owing to Gene Raymond's care, and everything seems ripe for a happy ending half-way through the picture. At this point she is made to become jealous of the puppets, and from then on I failed to understand the psychology of either of the characters.

Lilian Harvey is not the Lilian Harvey of the Ufa studios any more, and I hope that she will get away from Hollywood as soon as she can, unless they can provide her with material which gives her chance to display those qualities that have made her so popular and a director who knows how to get the best out of her.

Leslie Banks is also with her in this picture; as usual, he brings strength to the production and, in the character of her manager, infuses the film with most of the animation that it possesses; but the inanimate triumph and the puppets are always fascinating to watch whether they are being manipulated in grand opera, musical comedy, or ballet.

Edward Elgar

The Passing of a Great Englishman

By Herbert Hughes

ALTHOUGH Sir Edward Elgar lived to be seventy-six, honoured alike by monarch and people, it is impossible not to feel a touch of gloom at the passing of so great a man. Those of us who were privileged to know him, to dine at his table, were acutely aware of a magnetic, highly sensitive personality, aware that his like comes into this world very rarely.

I doubt if any music since Mozart's was so intuitive. He was fond of saying that music was not a thing that can be taught: you can only hear it. The critic and student concentrating too much on the part intellect plays in the making of a great symphony, can only be mystified by such an assertion, suspecting maybe a little harmless affectation. What about Beethoven's sketch books, they would ask, and the elaborate theories and self-conscious processes of Richard Wagner?

Poor Chopin spent days, even weeks, working out certain passages of *fioriture* at the piano. Elgar, musician by the grace of God, did not orchestrate his thoughts and feelings; they came to him fully orchestrated, the music and the orchestration, the thoughts and the feelings, being spontaneous and inseparable; otherwise intuitive.

There have been writers who have sneered at his frequent use of the word *nobilmente* in his scores, who have found blatancy in his emphasis; there are bright young people of daring originality who have laughed at his "sequences." They may be left to their own devices. Elgar's music is no more in need of defence than the architecture of Inigo Jones or the Song of Solomon. A man who could write *The Apostles* and the *Pomp and Circumstance* Marches was a mystic who took the pageantry of English life in his stride.

A Young Composer

A new and youthful composer who made a considerable splash at the last concert of contemporary music organised by the B.B.C. was Mr. Benjamin Britten. A set of choral variations entitled *A Boy was Born*, for men's, women's and boys' voices unaccompanied, was performed for the first time. The text was constructed of a sequence of old English and German carols of the Nativity, arbitrarily arranged, with one poem of Christina Rossetti somewhat intruded. The singers were the Wireless Chorus (Section A) and the choirboys of St. Marks, North Audley Street, conducted by Mr. Leslie Woodgate.

The new work was a revelation of new talent, if not of genius. Mr. Britten has approached these ancient carols in a fresh state of mind, discarding the clichés of English choral writing, seeing in them very good excuses for dramatic treatment. His technical skill keeps pace with his imagination, which is considerable. At present he must beware of letting that skill lead him into such involutions of part-writing that the ensemble becomes thick and messy.

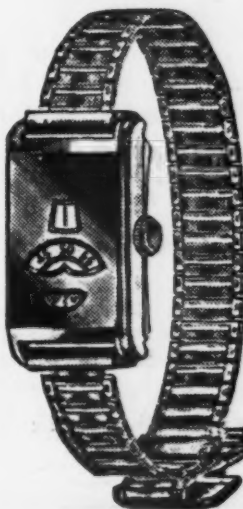


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The Theatre

By PRINCE NICOLAS GALITZINE

THE wave of Irish plays continues, but Lennox Robinson chooses County Cork only as a convenient background to demonstrate the misunderstanding of classes throughout the world and the gradual decline of the "little father" system in rural districts. He makes "The Big House," at the Playhouse, a symbol of agrarian nationalism, waning under proletarian pressure, until it is reduced to a bed-sitting room level. We are shown the subtlety of intellectually organised rebels, who, discarding the methods of Bolshevik murder, cut the terrain from under the intelligentsia's feet by destroying their "homes" as well as their houses.

Nicholas Hannen, in the mild, insipid part of a squire, clings to the old ideas of democratic snobbery and tries to support the views of the lower classes, but makes no effort to uphold those of his own. His daughter Kate, an hysterical spinster with a passion for reality, has the same purpose at heart, but with militant tendencies. To Alison Leggatt, who plays the part very sincerely, the House is an embodiment of her Nation. So when the fetish is burnt and its hold over the rest of the family gone, she still clings to it and plans a return to rebuild Ireland and the House.

There are plenty of sound, controversial ideas in this play, which is often tediously talkative,

seldom humorous and at times harrowing; but on the whole none of Mr. Robinson's personalities are very inspiring, with perhaps the exception of the English mother (Mabel Sealby) who, after twenty-five years is still a stranger to disorderly Ireland and longs for the peace and security of furnished lodgings at Bournemouth.

A Novelette

Futility, when well depicted, is a powerful weapon in the hands of a dramatist, but, when a play is in itself futile, there is no excuse for its existence.

I can find no *raison d'être* for the staging of "Private Room," the play by Naomi Royde-Smith, at the Westminster Theatre. No logical moral can be drawn from it. Its dialogue, humour, situations and characterisations are poor and well-worn.

It would take a very credulous person to believe that a modern hard-working girl would be so ingenious as to ruin her private life for the benefit of others. We are given a heroine, who had consumed some extra butter rations during the war and therefore feels responsible for her sister's ill-health. To provide for the doctor's fees she consents to take the place of a professional co-respondent and promptly falls in love with her aristocratic client, who plies her with champagne. This spirited emotion makes her forget her stalwart but common lover, and she spends her time day-dreaming, until her romantic ideal walks by chance into the hat shop where she works, with his new wife, and even fails to recognise her, thereby instantly curing her.

One feels sorry for the actors, especially Kathleen Harrison's brilliant little piece of acting as the maid, but infinitely more so for the misguided playgoers who will have to pay for their seats.

Henry's Widow

Henry the Eighth is very much in the public eye at the moment, and one author after another finds something new to say about him on stage and screen. His propensity for decapitation has often been commented upon, so it is not surprising that Katherine Parr, the wife who contrived to outlive him, should inspire a play. However, Winifred Carter's effort, "The Queen Who Kept Her Head," at the Kingsway Theatre, is hardly successful.

It is difficult to conceive Henry, who placed England on the map, dominated his period not only at home but throughout Europe, and who was a Titan among husbands, as a petulant nit-wit with no presence, even though he was approaching his end. Still more unbelievable is Katherine's ability to hoodwink him at every turn with childish ease.

She reluctantly, but quite successfully, is made to resist the passionate advances of Seymour and at the same time have no regard for Henry, either as a man or politician.

Laura Cowie, with experience, Raymond Lovell, in a subdued mood, and a very refined Bernard Lee try to furnish the Tudor supply that has outrun the demand. People will go and see this play—but not for long.

Read . . .

G.K.'s WEEKLY

EDITED BY

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Correspondence

Red Propaganda Must Cease

SIR,—All over Europe can be seen the fruits of Russian Bolshevism, the results of allowing its emissaries to carry on their pernicious propaganda, a course of action which is made plain by the statements of the Bolsheviks themselves.

They have declared that it is their aim to sovietise the world, and in order to carry this out are training men in their seminaries and sending them out to other countries, including most of our own Colonies, to sow the subversive seed, and to link up with it a definite anti-religious attack.

What is to be the attitude of the British people in view of this definite menace? The recent draft treaty, signed after months of weary negotiations, contains no conditions for the cessation of subversive propaganda in this country.

Past experience has shown, and proof is found in Command Paper No. 2682, how definite was the propaganda carried on under the guise of trade facilities, and, before the agreement is ratified a clear and emphatic clause should be inserted by which the Soviet Government gives an assurance to withdraw all its subversive agencies, whether under the control of the Communist International, the Union of the Militant Godless, or working through camouflaged organisations operating in this country, sponsored by Moscow.

Surely great moral issues should have greater weight in considering questions of National prestige than mere trade preference. The position is far too serious to allow the views of any one Minister to hold back the Government from doing what is its clear and certain duty on this matter.

"BRITISHER."

The Cracking Cabinet

SIR,—Lady Houston is right again. No sooner had she told us that the National Government was cracking than the rumours of Cabinet changes began to fly. Even Ramsay MacDonald is said to have asked his friend Baldwin to relieve him of the Premiership. But why, one may well ask, should Sir John Simon, who has made such a mess of Foreign Affairs, be thought fit for the Home Office? And if there are to be changes, why keep that failure at the India Office—the man who is mainly responsible for the deficiencies of our present Air Force and who is now letting us down in India?

"BRITAIN'S SAFETY FIRST."

Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.

Dupes of the Socialists

SIR,—So the unemployed marchers asked Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to receive a deputation at 10, Downing Street. How gratified the Viscount Snowden, Henderson, Thomas and other agitators must be to view some of their handiwork, and see how well they succeeded in upsetting the working man!

For 25 years they stumped the country agitating, calling on the men to strike and down the capitalist, the man who was finding and making work for them to earn their daily bread. Thousands of strikers during those 25 years drove trade out of the country which will never come back, as foreigners can now manufacture for themselves.

Why no Conservative in the House of Commons has confronted the Labour Party with these facts and at the same time charged them with being more than half responsible for the unemployment at the present time is beyond my comprehension.

"VIGILANT."

Appeal to Young Poets

SIR,—I am endeavouring to compile an anthology of poetry written by young people aged 25 or under, and should be grateful for the opportunity of using your columns to invite any of your readers who come within this age limit to submit poems to me. These should be original and previously unpublished.

All work will be read carefully and returned if unsuitable, providing postage is enclosed for this purpose.

I cannot at present offer any monetary reward for work accepted, but, if and when the anthology is published, I guarantee to pay for all poems therein; I further guarantee that no contributor will be asked to pay anything towards cost of publication.

LESLIE A. HALSALL.

Chetwynd, Burnside Avenue,
Stockton Heath, Warrington.

Co-operation in Education

SIR,—The open meeting in connection with the Home and School Council of Great Britain will take place on Wednesday, March 7th, at 6 p.m. at Woburn House (entrance in Tavistock Square, W.C.1).

The meeting is on the subject of parent-teacher co-operation in the education of the child as a whole. Dr. Basil Yeaxlee will preside and the speakers will be Sir George Newman, K.C.B., F.R.C.P., Chief Medical Officer, Ministry of Health; Mr. W. W. McKechnie, C.B., Secretary, Scottish Education Department; and Lady Ruth Balfour.

All interested are cordially invited to be present.

E. B. VOYSEY (Organising Secretary).

FORTY YEARS ONWARD

The British Home and Hospital for Incurables (established 60 years) celebrates this year its fortieth birthday at Streatham. Would you care to commemorate by a small donation for every year of its good work there? Donations gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary.

"If there were a
better oil than
Wakefield
Castrol
I should use it"



3rd March, 1934.

SIR ALAN COBHAM, K.B.E.

Mr. Keynes as a Prophet

Record Halifax Building Advances

[By Our City Editor]

THE pronouncements of Mr. J. M. Keynes, the well-known economist, as chairman of the National Mutual Life Assurance at last week's meeting of the Society, were remarkable chiefly for their effect upon the gilt-edged market. For Mr. Keynes takes the view that the course of gilt-edged prices will continue in an upward direction even allowing for a trade revival. In justification of this view, he points out that with less opportunity for investment abroad at profitable rates and the field of investment narrowed generally, Great Britain and America, with a return to full employment of their resources, would accumulate funds so vast that the return on gilt-edged stocks should be only about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

This is Mr. Keynes's long view and is here expressed only very roughly, leaving aside the conditions essential for such a result. But Mr. Keynes is not alone in thinking that the return on gilt-edged is at the moment disproportionately high when the volume of money awaiting investment is taken into consideration. The market, at any rate, was sufficiently impressed to put gilt-edged prices substantially higher, and there has been heavy buying of British Funds, stimulated by hopes of a 6d. reduction in income tax which has yet to materialise.

The yield on $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Consols is now only £3 4s. per cent., and on 3 per cent. Local Loans only $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., while the yield to redemption in other cases is reduced to the 3 per cent. level. War Loan returns £3 8s. flat or £3 7s. to redemption, which looks relatively attractive as the stock is only 3 points over par, a record price since its issue.

Austrian 3 per cent. British Government guaranteed bonds give exactly 3 per cent. flat or to redemption, with an estimated life of $11\frac{1}{2}$ years. So that British Government stocks are rapidly moving in the direction indicated by Mr. Keynes. But the view is essentially a long one, and it would hardly seem that, with a return to industrial prosperity, the ban on Foreign lending will continue indefinitely.

Home Industrials have also been strongly bought on the idea of lower interest rates, as have Home Railway stocks and, though there has been some realisation of handsome capital profits, the undertone looks firm enough to make one feel that the set-back is only temporary.

Halifax Building Society

In 1932 the full force of the cheap money factor and the War Loan conversion brought the building societies a flood of unwanted deposits, the unremunerative rates upon gilt-edged securities rendering it imperative that an outlet should be

found in increased advantages on mortgage. It is, therefore, highly satisfactory to note that the accounts of the Halifax, the largest of all the building societies, show that advances on mortgage for the year to January 31 last reached the record sum of £18,548,000, the total owing on mortgage being now £69,607,530. The net increase in the amount owing on mortgage is over £5,000,000.

It is indicative of what the Halifax has accomplished for small borrowers that 77 per cent. of the total advances are for mortgages of £500 or under, the average amount owing on all mortgages being only £388.

Total assets have now reached the record figure of £92,822,940, an increase of £4,146,647 on the year, and the liquid position is excellent in that cash and loans to municipal corporations and

COMPANY MEETING

SELFRIDGE & COMPANY, LIMITED

IMPROVED RESULTS

The Twenty Sixth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Selfridge and Company, Ltd., was held on Monday last at the Company's Store, Oxford Street, London, W.

Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, Chairman and Managing Director, who presided, said:

We are able to address you to-day in a more cheerful state of mind than has been quite possible for the past several years, because there has come to nearly everyone in business in England, during the last half of 1933, evident demonstration of generally improved conditions.

Although it is quite apart from the figures of the accounts before you, it may interest you to know that the combined profits of this company, Wm. Whiteley, Ltd., and the Selfridge Provincial Stores, Ltd., which we control, are well over £700,000.

We have served 567,000 more customers than during the record year of 1932—a pleasing demonstration of the continually growing popularity of this house.

The net profit is better by £14,085, but this has been aided by the profit of £8,317 made on the sale of an investment.

It is proposed to declare a dividend of 8 per cent. (less income tax) on the Ordinary shares.

One of the pleasant features to-day, at least one of the most pleasant to me, is to include in these remarks a tribute of appreciation to the loyalty, good will, enthusiasm and imagination of our great staff of four or five thousand people. This represents our stewardship during one of the hardest of post-war years. Since this Balance Sheet was issued a good many who have realised the year's difficult conditions have conveyed their congratulations to us, but, to us who know so intimately the many details of this highly complicated business, the chief cause for our approval is that, in practically every item in the long list of figures, progress has been made in the right direction.

With the reasonable and restrained optimism which the last six months would seem to encourage, we think we can look forward to the year of 1934 as one in which further and, may we say, decided progress will be made.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

local authorities amount to £22,424,732 or 24 per cent. of the total. From the surplus of £436,801 bonuses to shareholders bring the Class 1 shareholders' income up to 4 per cent. and the yield to the subscription shareholders up to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year, interest and bonus being free of tax.

Britannic Assurance

Further good progress is reported by the Britannic Assurance Company, which has its headquarters in Birmingham and undertakes almost all classes of business. Total funds increased by £1,345,175 to £23,080,594 and income, outside the general branch, was £144,573 higher at £5,675,349.

In both ordinary and industrial branches the Britannic valuation is made on the stringent 3 per cent. net premium basis, the available surplus disclosed in the ordinary branch being £400,391, of which £25,000 is transferred to investment reserve and £234,812 is allotted to provide a reversionary bonus of £1 18s. per cent. of sum assured in policies in the immediate-profit class and to make adequate provision for policies in the accumulated-profit class. In the Industrial branch the available surplus is £690,111, of which £60,000 is transferred to investment reserve and £200,000 is set aside for the benefit of holders of "Britannic" industrial policies.

The British Legal, which is controlled by the Britannic, makes its valuation on the same stringent basis, and this allows of similar bonuses to those declared by the "Britannic." The total investment reserve funds are brought up to £1,200,000. Net profit for the year is higher at £279,391, and the 50 per cent. tax-free dividend for the year is repeated.

Life Assurance as an Investment

By A. H. Clarke

IV

I ONCE gave a great deal of thought to a circular detailing a particular scheme of a life assurance investment, which I thought would be attractive and popular. When I received the result of my work from the printers, I was pleased, for to me it appeared simple and easy to understand. I showed one to a friend of mine, who happened to be a director of a well-known advertising firm, and whose opinion I valued.

He read it through carefully. "I don't understand a word of it," he said. I explained. "Well, why don't you say so in the circular?"

he continued. "The mistake that most of you life assurance people make is that you assume the public are insurance-minded. Tell us what we have got to pay; what we get in return, and when, if ever on this earth, we do get it!" This criticism proved very valuable, and for me circulars lost a deal of their popularity.

Now, although I promised in a previous article to avoid actuarial columns of figures, for which I myself frankly have a definite dislike, I must perforce give you one or two brief illustrations to prove my contention that "life assurance is a sound investment."

My first example is of a man aged 30, that curious age which considers itself nearer to 20 than to 40. For a payment of £43 4s. 6d. per annum net this man would receive at the end of twenty years £1,000, plus profits, say £350, making £1,350 in all. As soon as his papers have gone through, his estate is increased by exactly £1,000. The return to him when the policy matures represents a dividend of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., compound interest net—apart altogether from the assurance cover.

Immediate Cover

My second example: A man of 40 years of age. A similar policy, that is, a twenty-year endowment with profits. This man for a net annual payment of £45 14s. 4d. would receive immediate cover of £1,000 and at maturity date a sum of £1,350. This represents approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. net compound interest on the investment.

Many companies, for a slight increase of premium, will accept payment monthly. This form of payment is popular, as it "seems easier" than a lump sum annually—the demand for the latter usually arriving by that post which brings income tax and other irksome reminders.

I have selected above a comparatively expensive form of policy, but I would be happy to advise any of my readers as to the policy I consider most suitable to their requirements, if they would write to me.

In conclusion of this, the first series of articles on "Life Assurance as an Investment," I would ask my readers to consider the following. For £100 invested in gilt-edged security, you will receive £3 10s. per cent. per annum; give an assurance company £3 10s. per annum, and they will give £100 to you if you live or to your family if you die. In other words, when you invest in life assurance and make one payment, you own an estate. When you buy a bond and make one payment, you owe for a bond.

("Annuities" will be the subject of my next series of articles.)

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Broadcasting Notes

By ALAN HOWLAND

NOT for the first time in the chequered history of the B.B.C. there is at present a recrudescence of interest in its financial policy. A good many words have been wasted in determined efforts to prove—or disprove—that the average percentage of the licence money which accrues to the B.B.C. is on the decrease now that licence-holders number something like six millions.

Both sides seem to me, however, to have missed the point. It does not in my opinion matter very much whether the average increase in the B.B.C.'s income is greater or less than before, provided it is perfectly understood that, so long as licence numbers increase, the gross income of the B.B.C. increases at the rate of approximately 4s. 6d. for every fresh licence taken out.

What is of far greater interest to the listening public is the question whether there has been any corresponding improvement in programmes, and whether there is, so far as one can judge from previous experience, any justification for believing that more licence-holders means better programmes.

The trouble is, of course, that Broadcasting House has turned out to be a far more expensive proposition than was anticipated. The much boosted concert hall is very little more than a white elephant and has not relieved the authorities of the necessity for booking the Queen's Hall for big orchestral concerts. The variety studio also is not the success it should have been, and in consequence

more money has been spent on acquiring St. George's Hall. The staff, too, has already overflowed into the houses next door to Broadcasting House, as well as into the upper floors of St. George's Hall.

When one considers these flagrant examples of ineptitude, it would not be surprising if the B.B.C. were to find itself in something of a financial muddle. But why should the programmes suffer?

The truth is, of course, that there is nobody on the staff of the B.B.C. with sufficient knowledge of the entertainment business to know whether he is getting value for money. Enormous sums of money are squandered on a programme like Hindemith's "The Lesson," while at the same time inferior artists are being employed by the music, drama and variety authorities simply because the total money available for programmes is not apportioned out among the various departments on any fixed or intelligible principle.

The result is that the most extraordinary anomalies occur. To take a small instance within my personal knowledge. A young man who had never broadcast before and who had no knowledge even of stage work was offered a larger fee for making crowd noises in a recent production than is paid to an actor who has been playing leading parts in radio productions for seven years. Multiply instances of this sort, and it is easy to see where the money goes.

If there are to be economies at Broadcasting House I—and many others—could suggest several ways in which they could be effected without having any deleterious effect on the programmes.

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